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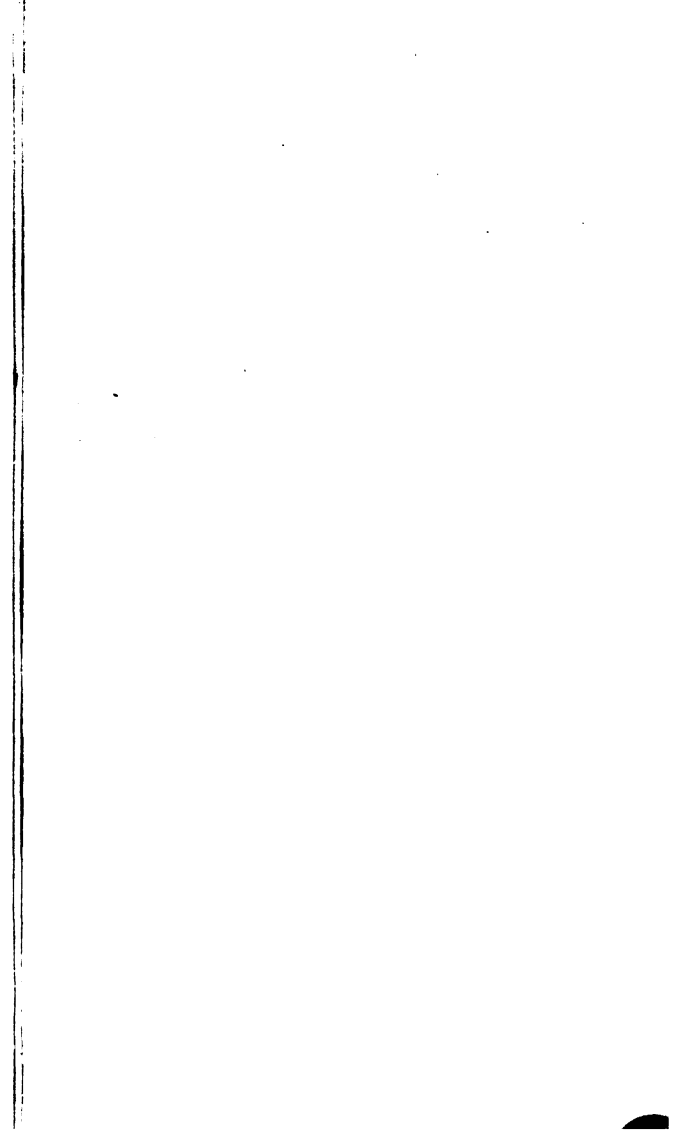
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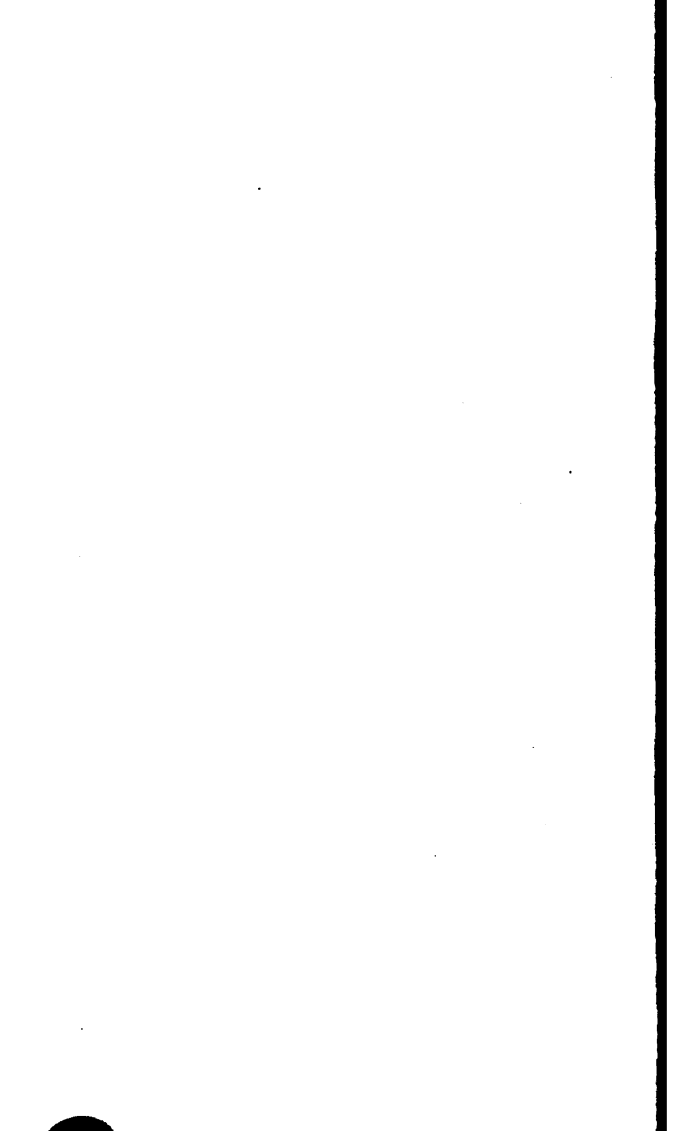
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Taylor





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LAYS FOR THE SABBATH,

A COLLECTION OF

RELIGIOUS POETRY.

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COMPILED BY EMILY TAYLOR.

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REVISED, WITH ADDITIONS,

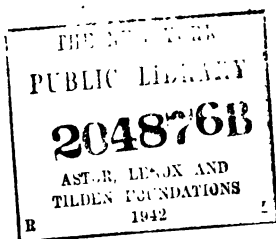
By JOHN PIERPONT.

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PREFACE.

THE beautiful selection of sacred poetry, entitled "Sabbath Recreations," was published in England without the name of the compiler. It is known, however, that the public is indebted for this, as for other works of a highly moral character and most beneficial tendency, to the taste and judgment of Miss Emily Taylor; and, though her modesty may have induced her to withhold her name from the title-page, I trust that she will consider the conviction on the part of the American editor and publishers, that her name will extend the sphere of the book's usefulness in this country, as a sufficient apology for giving it to the American public.

In the present edition the book has undergone considerable change. Without departing from its original plan, but with a view to the better adaptation of it to the taste and feelings of the lovers of religious poetry in the United States, many pieces have been withdrawn from it, and others substituted, both from English and American writers. The alterations have been care-

fully noted in the table of contents, that the reader may have the means of referring the pleasure, derived from such pieces as are not thus distinguished, to the poetical taste and moral feeling of the original compiler.

It is hoped that the lovers of sacred poetry—poetry that has caught its spirit from

“the book of grace
And book of nature”——

may find in this little manual much to “make the Sabbath a delight,” and to kindle and keep burning within them the love of God, and a desire of a better knowledge of his works, as well as of those words which, at sundry times and in divers manners, he spake unto the fathers of Israel by his prophets, and of those which, in later times, he hath spoken unto us by his Son.

J. P.

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SABBATH RECREATIONS.

THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

As the good shepherd leads his sheep
Through paths secure,
And, while a-fold by night they sleep
Doth keep them sure ;
So the True Shepherd, Christ, our souls doth guide,
Safe in his eye, protected by his side.

Great Shepherd ! do we know thy voice,
And follow thee ?
Is thy safe fold our rule and choice,
From bondage free ?
Upheld by faith the obedient sheep shall stand,
“And none shall pluck them from thy Father’s hand.”

But O ! what mortal tongue shall sing
Thy wondrous love ?
Death could not with his threaten’d sting
Thy purpose move :
Conqueror of death, and pledge of life to rise,
Joy of the earth, and heir of subject skies.

Shepherd ! with joy we hear thy call
 That leads to heaven :
 Let none from that salvation fall,
 So freely given !
 But, as thy sacred records long foretold,
 Be the wide-peopled earth " one happy fold."

CHRISTMAS HYMN.

No moon hung o'er the sleeping earth ;
 But, on their thrones of light,
 The stars, that sung ere morning's birth,
 Filled the blue vault of night
 With heavenly music :—earthly ears
 Not often catch the hymn ;
 It was " the music of the spheres,"
 The song of seraphim.

But there were those, in Judah's land,
 Who watched, that night, their fold,
 That heard the song of the angel band,
 As o'er them was unrolled
 The starry glory ; and there came
 This burst of heavenly song
 From mellow tubes and lips of flame,
 In chorus loud and long :—

" To God be glory ! for, this day,
 Hath shot from Judah's stem
 A BRANCH that ne'er shall know decay :—
 The royal diadem

Shall grace the brows of one whom ye
 Shall in a manger find;
 For, him hath God raised up, to be
 The Savior of mankind.

“To God be glory! Peace on earth!
 Glory to God again!
 For, with this infant Savior’s birth
 There comes good will to men!”
 Good will to men! O God, we hail
 This, of thy law the sum:
 For, as this shall o’er earth prevail,
 So SHALL THY KINGDOM COME.

THE FUTURE LIFE.

How shall I know thee in the sphere which keeps
 The disembodied spirits of the dead,
 When all of thee that time could wither sleeps
 And perishes among the dust we tread?

For I shall feel the sting of ceaseless pain
 If there I meet thy gentle presence not,
 Nor hear the voice I love, nor read again
 In thy serenest eyes the tender thought.

Will not thy own meek heart demand me there?
 That heart whose fondest throbs to me were given?
 My name on earth was ever in thy prayer,
 Shall it be banished from thy tongue in heaven?

In meadows fanned by heaven’s life-breathing wind,
 In the resplendence of that glorious sphere,

And larger movements of the unfettered mind,
Wilt thou forget the love that joined us here ?

The love that lived through all the stormy past,
And meekly with my harsher nature bore,
And deeper grew, and tenderer to the last,
Shall it expire with life, and be no more ?

A happier lot than mine, and larger light,
Await thee there, for thou hast bowed thy will
In cheerful homage to the rule of right,
And lovest all, and renderest good for ill.

For me, the sordid cares in which I dwell
Shrink and consume the heart, as heat the scroll ;
And wrath has left its scar—that fire of hell
Has left its frightful scar upon my soul.

Yet, though thou wear'st the glory of the sky,
Wilt thou not keep the same beloved name,
The same fair thoughtful brow, and gentle eye,
Lovelier in Heaven's sweet climate, yet the same ?

Shalt thou not teach me in that calmer home
The wisdom that I learned so ill in this—
The wisdom that is love,—till I become
Thy fit companion in that land of bliss ?

GOD IN NATURE.

Oh mighty is the Lord of Hosts !
He spans the spangled skies ;
He speaks, and in its palaces
The midnight thunder cries !

He wields the awful lightning-brand,
 The war-torch of the storm,
 Whether upon the Northern pines
 It rocks its cloud-wrapt form ;

Or, conquering, tramps right royally
 The hollow-sounding seas,
 Or holds high carnival among
 The crashing mountain trees !

His earthquakes shake the eternal hills
 And toss "old ocean's locks ;"
 The hungry breakers howl amain,
 Between the dreadful shocks :

And the swift whirlwind, spinning o'er
 The mountain bald and pale,
 Raves wildly to the angry flood
 That thunders in the vale.

He sows death in the red simoon,
 And cities shrink aghast ;
 He speaks ! and mist-wrapt pestilence,
 In horrid gloom, moves past !

Oh mighty is the Lord of Hosts !
 Of all earth's kings, the King !
 Behold ! he shakes the mountain pine,
 And plumes the whirlwind's wing !

And from his throne of majesty,
 Upon the bended sky,
 Around the universe he casts
 His all-beholding eye !

"SHE SLEEPETH."

She selected the place for her grave in a new cemetery of a rural village, while she felt herself sinking under the power of consumption. She was the first whose remains were laid in that beautiful resting-place of the dead.

WHILE yet she lived, she walked alone
 Among these shades.—A voice divine
 Whispered, "This spot shall be thine own;
 Here shall thy wasting form recline
 Beneath the shadow of this pine."

"Thy will be done!" the sufferer said:—
 The spot was hallowed from that hour;
 And, in her eyes, the evening's shade
 And morning's dew this green spot made
 More lovely than her bridal bower.

By the pale moon—herself more pale
 And spirit-like—these walks she trod;
 And while no voice, from swell or vale,
 Was heard, she knelt upon this sod,
 And gave her spirit back to God.

That spirit, with an angel's wings,
 Went up, from the young mother's bed.
 So heavenward soars the lark and sings:—
 She's lost to earth and earthly things:—
 But, "Weep not, for she is not dead,

She sleepeth!"—yea, she sleepeth here;
 The first that in these grounds hath slept.

This grave, first watered with the tear
 That child or widowed man hath wept,
 Shall be by heavenly watchmen kept.

The babe that lay upon her breast,—
 A rose-bud dropped on drifted snow,—
 Its young hand in its father's press'd,
 Shall learn that she who first caress'd
 Its infant cheek now sleeps below.

And often shall he come alone
 When not a sound but evening's sigh
 Is heard, and, bowing by the stone
 That bears his mother's name, with none
 But God and guardian angels by,

Shall say—"This was my mother's choice
 For her own grave. O, be it mine!
 Even now, methinks, I hear her voice
 Calling me hence, in the divine
 And mournful whisper of this pine."

STANZAS.

If I had Jubal's chorded shell,
 O'er which the first-born music rolled,
 In burning tones, that loved to dwell
 Amongst those wires of trembling gold;
 If to my soul one note were given
 Of that high harp, whose sweeter tone
 Caught its majestic strain from heaven,
 And glowed like fire round Israel's throne;

Up to the deep blue starry sky
 Then might my soul aspire, and hold
 Communion fervent, strong and high,
 With bard and king, and prophet old :
 Then might my spirit dare to trace
 The path our ancient people trod,
 When the gray sires of Jacob's race,
 Like faithful servants, walked with God !

But Israel's song, alas ! is hushed,
 That all her tales of triumph told,
 And mute is every voice that gushed
 In music to her harps of gold ;
 And could my lyre attune its string
 To lofty themes they loved of yore,
 Alas ! my lips could only sing
 All that we *were* but *are* no more !
 Our hearts are still by Jordan's stream,
 And there our footsteps fain would be ;
 But oh, 't is like the captive's dream
 Of home his eyes may never see.
 A cloud is on our fathers' graves,
 And darkly spreads o'er Zion's hill,
 And there their sons must stand as slaves,
 Or roam like houseless wanderers still.

Yet, where the rose of Sharon blooms,
 And cedars wave the stately head,
 Even now, from out the place of tombs,
 Breaks a deep voice that stirs the dead.
 Through the wide world's tumultuous roar
 Floats clear and sweet the solemn word,—

"Oh, virgin daughter, faint no more,
 Thy tears are seen, thy prayers are heard.
 What though, with spirits crushed and broke,
 Thy tribes like desert exiles rove,
 Though Judah feels the stranger's yoke,
 And Ephraim is a heartless dove ;—
 Yet, yet shall Judah's Lion wake,
 Yet shall the day of promise come,
 Thy sons from iron bondage break,
 And God shall lead the wanderers home !"

THE CLOUDS. .

THE clouds ! the clouds ! they are beautiful
 When they sleep on the soft spring sky,
 As if the sun to rest could lull
 Their snowy company ;
 And as the wind springs up they start,
 And career o'er the azure plain,
 And before the course of the breezes dart,
 To scatter their balmy rain.

The clouds ! the clouds ! how change their forms
 With every passing breath ;
 And now a glancing sunbeam warms,
 And now they look cold as death !
 Oh ! often and often have I escaped
 From the stir of the noisy crowd,
 And a thousand fanciful visions shaped
 On the face of a passing cloud.

The clouds ! the clouds ! round the sun at night,
 They come like a band of slaves,
 They are only bright in their master's light,
 And each in his glory laves.
 Oh ! they are lovely, lovely then,
 When the heaven around them glows ;
 Now touched with a purple and amber stain,
 And now with the hue of the rose.

The clouds ! the clouds ! in the starlit sky,
 How they float on the light wind's wings :
 Now resting an instant, then glancing by,
 In their fickle wanderings !
 Now they hide the deep blue firmament,
 Now it shows their folds between,
 As if a silver veil were rent
 From the jewelled brow of a queen.

The clouds ! the clouds ! they are the lid
 To the lightning's flashing eye ;
 And in their fleecy folds is hid
 The thunder's majesty !
 Oh ! how their warring is proclaimed
 By the shrill blast's battle song ;
 And the tempest's deadliest shafts are aimed
 From the midst of the dark clouds' throng.

The clouds ! the clouds !—My childish days
 Are past, my heart is old ;
 But here and there a feeling stays,
 That never can grow cold ;
 And the love of nature is one of these,
 That Time's wave never shrouds ;
 And oft and oft doth my soul find peace
 In watching the passing clouds !

GOD IS LOVE.

ALL I feel, and hear, and see,
God of love, is full of thee.

Earth, with her ten thousand flowers;
Air, with all its beams and showers;
Ocean's infinite expanse;
Heaven's resplendent countenance—
All around, and all above,
Hath this record—God is love.

Sounds among the vales and hills,
In the woods, and by the rills,
Of the breeze and of the bird,
By the gentle murmur stirred—
All these songs, beneath, above,
Have one burden—God is love.

All the hopes and fears that start
From the fountain of the heart;
All the quiet bliss that lies,
All our human sympathies—
These are voices from above,
Sweetly whispering—God is love.

THE POOR DEBTOR.

Look on him—through his dungeon grate,
Feebly and cold, the morning light
Comes stealing round him, dim and late,
As if it loathed the sight.

Reclining on his strawy bed,
 His hand upholds his drooping head;
 His bloodless cheek is seamed and hard,
 Unshorn his gray, neglected beard;
 And o'er his bony fingers flow
 His long, dishevelled locks of snow.

No grateful fire before him glows,
 And yet the winter's breath is chill,
 And o'er his half-clad person goes
 The frequent ague thrill!

Silent, save ever and anon,
 A sound, half murmur and half groan,
 Forces apart the painful grip
 Of the old sufferer's bearded lip:
 O sad and crushing is the fate
 Of old age chained and desolate!

Just God! why lies that old man there?

A murderer shares his prison bed,
 Whose eyeballs, through his horrid hair,

Gleam on him, fierce and red;
 And the rude oath and heartless jeer
 Fall ever on his loathing ear,
 And, or in wakefulness or sleep,
 Nerve, flesh and fibre thrill and creep
 Whene'er that ruffian's tossing limb,
 Crimson with murder, touches him!

What has the gray-haired prisoner done?

Has murder stained his hands with gore?
 Not so; his crime's a fouler one:

GOD MADE THE OLD MAN POOR!
 For this he shares a felon's cell—
 The fittest earthly type of hell;

For this—the boon for which he poured
 His young blood on the invader's sword,
 And counted light the fearful cost—
 His blood-gained LIBERTY is lost.

And so, for such a place of rest,
 Old prisoner, poured thy blood as rain
 On Concord's field, and Bunker's crest,
 And Saratoga's plain ?
 Look forth, thou man of many scars,
 Through thy dim dungeon's iron bars :
 It must be joy, in sooth, to see
 Yon monument upreared to thee—
 Piled granite and a prison cell—
 The land repays thy service well !

Go, ring the bells and fire the guns,
 And fling thy starry banner out ;
 Shout "Freedom !" till your lisping ones
 Give back their cradle-shout :
 Let boastful eloquence declaim
 Of honor, liberty, and fame ;
 Still let the poet's strain be heard,
 With "glory" for each second word,
 And every thing with breath agree
 To praise "our glorious liberty !"

But when the patriot cannon jars
 That prison's cold and gloomy wall,
 And through its grates the stripes and stars
 Rise on the wind and fall—
 Think ye that prisoner's aged ear
 Rejoices in the general cheer ?

Think ye his dim and failing eye
 Is kindled at your pageantry ?
 Sorrowing of soul, and chained of limb,
 What is your carnival to him ?

Down with the LAW that binds him thus !
 Unworthy freemen, let it find
 No refuge from the withering curse
 Of God and human-kind !
 Open the prison's living tomb,
 And usher from its brooding gloom
 The victims of your savage code,
 To the free sun and air of God,
 Nor longer dare as crime to brand
 The chastening of the Almighty's hand.

LINES ON PASSING THE GRAVE OF MY SISTER.

On yonder shore, on yonder shore,
 Now verdant with the depth of shade,
 Beneath the white-armed sycamore,
 There is a little infant laid.
 Forgive this tear—a brother weeps—
 'T is there the faded flow'ret sleeps.

She sleeps alone, she sleeps alone,
 And summer's forests o'er her wave ;
 And sighing winds at autumn moan
 Around the little stranger's grave,
 As though they murmured at the fate
 Of one so lone and desolate.

In sounds that seem like Sorrow's own,
 Their funeral dirges faintly creep ;
 Then deep'ning to an organ tone,
 In all their solemn cadence sweep,
 And pour, unheard, along the wild,
 Their desert anthem o'er a child.

She came, and passed. Can I forget
 How we whose hearts had hailed her birth,
 Ere three autumnal suns had set,
 Consigned her to her mother Earth !
 Joys and their memories pass away ;
 But griefs are deeper ploughed than they.

We laid her in her narrow cell,
 We heaped the soft mould on her breast,
 And parting tears, like rain-drops, fell
 Upon her lonely place of rest.
 May angels guard it—may they bless
 Her slumbers in the wilderness.

She sleeps alone, she sleeps alone ;
 For, all unheard, on yonder shore,
 The sweeping flood, with torrent moan,
 At evening lifts its solemn roar,
 As, in one broad, eternal tide,
 The rolling waters onward glide.

There is no marble monument,
 There is no stone with graven lie,
 To tell of love and virtue blent
 In one almost too good to die.
 We need no such useless trace
 To point us to her resting-place.

She sleeps alone, she sleeps alone ;
 But 'midst the tears and April showers,
 The Genius of the Wild hath strewn
 His germs of fruit, his fairest flowers,
 And cast his robe of vernal bloom,
 In guardian fondness, o'er the tomb.

She sleeps alone, she sleeps alone ;
 But yearly is her grave turf dressed,
 And still the summer vines are thrown
 In annual wreaths across her breast,
 And still the sighing autumn grieves,
 And strews the hallowed spot with leaves.

THE DYING BOY.

It must be sweet in childhood to give back
 The spirit to its Maker, ere the heart
 Hath grown familiar with the paths of sin,
 And soon to gather up its bitter fruits.
 I knew a boy, whose infant feet had trod
 Upon the blossoms of some seven springs,
 And when the eighth came round, and called him out
 To revel in its light, he turned away,
 And sought his chamber, to lie down and die.
 'T was night ; he summoned his accustomed friends,
 And in this wise bestowed his last requests :—

“ Mother, I'm dying now ;
 There's a deep suffocation on my breast,
 As if some heavy hand my bosom pressed,
 And on my brow I feel the cold sweat stand.

Say, mother, is this death?

Mother, your hand!

Here, lay it on my wrist,
And place the other thus, beneath my head;
And say, sweet mother, say, when I am dead
Shall I be missed?

“Never beside your knee
Shall I kneel down again at night, to pray,
Nor in the morning wake, and sing the lay
You taught to me.
Oh! at the time of prayer,
When you look round and see a vacant seat,
You will not wait then for my coming feet—
You'll miss me there.

“Father, I'm going home,
To that great home you spoke of, that bless'd land
Where there is one bright summer, always bland,
And tortures do not come.
From faintness and from pain,
From troubles, fears, you say I shall be free—
That sickness does not enter there, and we
Shall meet again.

“Brother, the little spot
I used to call my garden, where long hours
We've stay'd to watch the coming buds and flowers—
Forget it not.
Plant there some box or pine,
Something that lives in winter, and will be
A verdant offering to my memory,
And call it mine.

" Sister, the young rose-tree,
That all the spring has been my pleasant care,
Just putting forth its leaves so green and fair,

I give to thee :

And when its roses bloom
I shall be gone away—my short course run—
And will you not bestow a single one
Upon my tomb ?

" Now, mother, sing the tune
You sang last night ; I'm weary, and must sleep—
Who was it called my name ? Nay, do not weep,
You'll all come soon !"

Morning spread over earth her rosy wings,
And that meek sufferer, cold and ivory pale,
Lay on his couch asleep. The morning air
Came through the open window, freighted with
The fragrant odors of the lovely spring.
He breathed it not. The laugh of passers by
Jarred like a discord in some mournful note,
But worried not his slumber—he was dead !

GOD OUR REFUGE.

BEREFT of all, when hopeless care
Would sink us to the tomb,
O what can save us from despair ?
What dissipate the gloom ?

No balm that earthly plants distil
Can soothe the mourner's smart ;

No mortal hand with lenient skill
Bind up the broken heart.

But One alone, who reigns above,
Our wo to joy can turn,
And light the lamp of joy and love
That long has ceased to burn.

Then, O my soul, to that *One* flee,
To God thy woes reveal ;
His eye alone thy wounds can see,
His hand alone can heal.

THE HOUR OF DEATH.

LEAVES have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,
And stars to set ;—but all,
Thou hast ALL seasons for thine own, O Death !

Day is for mortal care,
Eve for glad meetings round the joyous hearth,
Night for the dreams of sleep, the voice of prayer ;—
But all for thee, thou mightiest of the earth.

The banquet hath its hour,
Its feverish hour of mirth, and song, and wine ;
There comes a day for grief's o'erwhelming power,
A time for softer tears ;—but all are thine.

Youth and the opening rose
 May look like things too glorious for decay,
 And smile at thee ; but thou art not of those
 Who wait the ripen'd bloom to seize their prey.

Leaves have their time to fall,
 And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,
 And stars to set ;—but all,
 Thou hast ALL seasons for thine own, O Death !

We know when moons shall wane,
 When summer birds from far shall cross the sea,
 When autumn's hue shall tinge the golden grain ;
 But who shall teach us when to look for thee ?

Is it when spring's first gale
 Comes forth to whisper where the violets lie ?
 Is it when roses in our paths grow pale ?
 They have *one* season—ALL are ours to die !

Thou art where billows foam,
 Thou art where music melts upon the air,
 Thou art around us in our peaceful home,
 And the world calls us forth—and thou art *there* !

Thou art where friend meets friend,
 Beneath the shadow of the elm to rest ;
 Thou art where foe meets foe, and trumpets rend
 The skies, and swords beat down the princely crest.

Leaves have their time to fall,
 And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,
 And stars to set ;—but all,
 Thou hast ALL seasons for thine own, O Death !

LINES
ON THE DEATH OF THE REV. T. SPENCER,

*Who was drowned while bathing in the tide, on the 5th of
August, 1811, in his twenty-first year.*

I WILL not sing a mortal's praise;
To Thee I consecrate my lays,
To whom my powers belong!
These gifts upon thine altar strown,
O God! accept—accept thine own;
My gifts are Thine,—be Thine alone
The glory of my song.

In earth and ocean, sky and air,
All that is excellent and fair,
Seen, felt, or understood,
From one eternal cause descends,
To one eternal centre tends,
With God begins, continues, ends,
The source and stream of good.

I worship not the sun at noon,
The wandering stars, the changing moon,
The wind, the flood, the flame;
I will not bow the votive knee
To wisdom, virtue, liberty;
“There is no god but God,” for me;
—Jehovah is his name.

Him through all nature I explore,
Him in his creatures I adore,
Around, beneath, above;
But clearest in the human mind,

His bright resemblance when I find,
 Grandeur with purity combined,
 I most admire and love.

Oh! there was ONE,—on earth awhile
 He dwelt;—but, transient as a smile
 That turns into a tear,
 His beauteous image pass'd us by;
 He came like lightning from the sky,
 He seem'd as dazzling to the eye,
 As prompt to disappear.

Mild, in his undissembling mien
 Were genius, candor, meekness seen;
 —The lips, that loved the truth;
 The single eye, whose glance sublime
 Look'd to eternity through time;
 The soul, whose hopes were wont to climb
 Above the joys of youth.

Of old, before the lamp grew dark,
 Reposing near the curtain'd ark,
 The child of Hannah's prayer
 Heard, through the temple's silent round,
 A living voice, nor knew the sound;
 That thrice alarmed him, ere he found
 The Lord, who chose him there.

Thus early call'd, and strongly moved,
 A prophet from a child, approved,
 SPENCER his course began;
 From strength to strength, from grace to grace,
 Swiftest and foremost in the race,
 He carried victory in his face;
 He triumph'd as he ran.

How short his day!—the glorious prize,
 To our slow hearts and failing eyes,
 Appear'd too quickly won :
 —The warrior rush'd into the field,
 With arm invincible to wield
 The Spirit's sword, the Spirit's shield,
 When, lo ! the fight was done.

The loveliest star of evening's train
 Sets early in the western main,
 And leaves the world in night ;
 The brightest star of morning's host,
 Scarce risen, in brighter beams is lost ;
 Thus sunk his form on ocean's coast ;
 Thus sprang his soul to light.

Who shall forbid the eye to weep,
 That saw him, from the ravening deep,
 Pluck'd like the lion's prey ?
 For ever bow'd his honor'd head,
 The spirit in a moment fled,
 The heart of friendship cold and dead,
 The limbs, a wreath of clay !

Revolving his mysterious lot,
 I mourn him, but I praise him not ;
 Glory to God be given,
 Who sent him, like the radiant bow,
 His covenant of peace to show,
 Athwart the breaking storm to glow,
 Then vanish into heaven.

O Church ! to whom that youth was dear,
 The angel of thy mercies here,

Behold the path he trod,
 "A milky way" through midnight skies!
 —Behold the grave in which he lies;
 Even from the dust thy prophet cries,
"Prepare to meet thy God."

IMPERISHABLE WEALTH.

SHALL man, to sordid views confined,
 His powers unfold,
 And waste his energy of mind
 In search of gold?
 Rise, rise, my soul, and spurn such low desires,
 Nor quench in grovelling dust heaven's noblest fires.

For what are all thy anxious cares,
 Thy ceaseless toil?
 For what, when roars the wind, thy fears
 Lest in the broil
 When bursting clouds and furious waves contend,
 Thy bark rich freighted all engulf'd descend?

Fraught with disease to-morrow comes,
 And bows thy head;
 From treasured heaps and splendid domes
 Thy thoughts recede:
 The dream is o'er: then kiss the chastening rod,
 That points the road to virtue and to God.

Seek thou, my soul, a nobler wealth,
 And more secure:—

Content and peace, the mind's best health,
 And thoughts all pure;
 And deeds benevolent, and prayer, and praise,
 And deep submission to Heaven's righteous ways.

SONNET ON THE SABBATH MORN.

WITH silent awe I hail the sacred morn,
 That scarcely wakes when all the fields are still;
 A soothing calm on every breeze is borne,
 A graver murmur gurgles from the rill,
 And echo answers softer from the hill;
 And softer sings the linnet on the thorn;
 The sky-lark warbles in a tone less shrill—
 Hail, light serene! hail, sacred Sabbath morn!
 The rooks sail silent by in airy droves;
 The sky a placid yellow lustre throws;
 The gales, that lately sigh'd along the groves,
 Have hush'd their downy wings in soft repose;
 The hovering rack of clouds forgets to move—
 So soft the morning when the Savior rose!

THE LILY, AN EMBLEM OF CHRISTIAN HOPE.

How wither'd, faded, seems the form
 Of yon obscure, unsightly root!
 Yet from the blight of winter's storm
 It hides secure the precious root.

The careless eye can find no grace,
 No beauty in the scaly folds;
 Nor see, within the dark embrace,
 What latent loveliness it holds.

Yet in that bulb, those sapless scales,
 The lily wraps her silver vest,
 Till vernal suns and vernal gales
 Shall kiss once more her fragrant breast.

Yes! hide beneath the mouldering heap
 The undelighting, slighted thing;
 There, in the cold earth, buried deep,
 In silence let it wait the spring.

O! many a stormy night shall close
 In gloom upon the barren earth;
 While still, in undisturb'd repose,
 Uninjured lies the future birth.

And Ignorance, with sceptic eye,
 Hope's patient smile shall wondering view,
 Or mark her fond credulity,
 As her soft tears the spot bedew.

Sweet smile of Hope! delicious tear!
 The sun, the shower, indeed *shall* come,
 The promis'd verdant shoot appear,
 And nature bid her blossom bloom,

And thou, O virgin queen of spring,
 Shalt, from thy dark and lowly bed,
 Bursting thy green sheath's silken string,
 Unveil thy charms, thy perfume shed:

Unfold thy robes of purest white,
 Unsullied, from their darksome grave ;
 And thy soft petals, silvery light,
 In the mild breeze unfetter'd wave.

So faith shall seek the lowly dust
 Where humble sorrow loves to lie ;
 And bids her thus her hopes intrust,
 And watch with patient, cheerful eye ;

And bear the long, cold, wintry night,
 And bear her own degraded doom ;
 And wait till heaven's reviving light,
 Eternal spring ! shall burst the gloom.

THE FLYING FISH,

AN EMBLEM OF CHRISTIAN VIRTUE.

WHEN I have seen thy snowy wing
 O'er the blue wave at evening spring,
 And give those scales, of silver white,
 So gaily to the eye of light,
 As if thy frame were form'd to rise
 And live amid the glorious skies ;
 O ! it has made me proudly feel
 How like thy wing's impatient zeal
 Is the pure soul, that scorns to rest
 Upon the world's ignoble breast,
 But takes the plume that God has given,
 And rises into light and heaven !

But when I see that wing so bright
 Grow languid with a moment's flight,
 Attempt the paths of air in vain,
 And sink into the waves again,
 Alas! the flattering pride is o'er :
 Like thee, awhile, the soul may soar ;
 But erring man must blush to think,
 Like thee, again, the soul may sink !

O virtue ! when thy clime I seek,
 Let not my spirit's flight be weak ;
 Let me not, like this feeble thing,
 With brine still dropping from its wing,
 Just sparkle in the solar glow,
 And plunge again to depths below.
 But when I leave the grosser throng,
 With whom my soul hath dwelt so long,
 Let me, in that aspiring day,
 Cast every lingering stain away,
 And, panting for thy purer air,
 Fly up at once and fix me there.

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

A MOTHER's Love,—how sweet the name !
 What is a Mother's Love ?
 —A noble, pure, and tender flame,
 Enkindled from above,
 To bless a heart of earthly mould ;
 The warmest love that *can* grow cold ;
 This is a Mother's Love.

To bring a helpless babe to light,
 Then, while it lies forlorn,
 To gaze upon that dearest sight,
 And feel herself new-born,
 In its existence lose her own,
 And live and breathe in it alone ;
 This is a Mother's Love.

Its weakness in her arms to bear ;
 To cherish on her breast,
 Feed it from Love's own fountain there,
 And lull it there to rest ;
 Then, while it slumbers, watch its breath,
 As if to guard from instant death ;
 This is a Mother's Love.

To mark its growth from day to day,
 Its opening charms admire,
 Catch from his eye the earliest ray
 Of intellectual fire ;
 To smile and listen while it talks,
 And lend a finger when it walks ;
 This is a Mother's Love.

And can a Mother's Love grow cold ?
 Can she forget her boy ?
 His pleading innocence behold,
 Nor weep for grief—for joy ?
 A Mother may forget her child,
 While wolves devour it on the wild ;
 —Is this a Mother's Love ?

Ten thousand voices answer, " No !"
 Ye clasp your babes and kiss ;

Your bosoms yearn, your eyes o'erflow ;
 Yet, ah ! remember this ;
 The infant, rear'd alone for earth,
 May live, may die,—to curse his birth ;
 —Is *this* a Mother's Love ?

A parent's heart may prove a snare ;
 The child she loves so well,
 Her hand may lead, with gentlest care,
 Down the broad road to hell—
 Nourish its frame, destroy its mind ;
 Thus do the blind mislead the blind,
 E'en with a Mother's Love.

Bless'd infant ! whom his mother taught
 Early to seek the Lord,
 And pour'd upon his dawning thought
 The day-spring of the word ;
 This was her lesson to her son,
 —Time is eternity begun :
 Behold that Mother's Love.

Bless'd Mother ! who, in wisdom's path,
 By her own parent trod,
 Thus taught her son to flee the wrath,
 And know the fear of God :
 Ah ! youth, like him enjoy your prime,
 Begin eternity in time,
 Taught by that Mother's Love.

That Mother's Love !—how sweet the name !
 What *was* that Mother's Love ?
 —The noblest, purest, tenderest flame,
 That kindles from above,

Within a heart of earthly mould,
 As much of heaven as earth can hold,
 Nor through eternity grows cold :
This was that Mother's Love.

HUMILITY.

"HUMILITY," said Lena, as she drew
 A well-worn glove upon her sun-burnt hand,
 "Is the best ornament a Christian knows.
 I think not well of one whose ready speech
 Can talk of self-abasement, and the need
 She hourly feels of pardon from above,
 Yet is array'd in all the pride of life,
 Studies the body's ease, the graceful mien,
 And all the luxuries of refining taste.
 I judge our piety is better shown
 By self-denying lowliness of mind ;
 By abstinence from all the joys of sense,
 And disregard of what the world esteems."
 And while she spoke, the look of harsh reproof
 Was follow'd by a self-complacent smile,
 As her eye fell upon the homely garb
 And ill-adjusted ornaments she wore.

Serena, gifted with a milder mood,
 Not prone to censure, diffident and meek,
 In gentle accents urged the favorite theme.
 "I envy not the beauty's flatter'd form,
 And all the attractions of exterior grace,
 If I must with them take the pride of heart,

The vanity that follows where they are ;
 For sure I am that lowliness of mind,
 Self-disesteem, and meek humility,
 Are ornaments more lovely far than they :
 And while I feel these better gifts are mine,
 I covet not what others prize so much."

And here Lucinda gently closed the book
 That she had tried in vain to understand—
 And " Surely it is strange," she said, " that some,
 Professing to renounce this passing world,
 Should be at so much pains to store their mind
 With varied knowledge and mere human lore.
 The straight, still path that leads us to our God,
 Is all a humble Christian needs to know ;
 And this, if I mistake not, best is learn'd,
 And best pursued, by one who knows no more.
 Not in the warmth of intellectual fire,
 The elevation of the letter'd mind,
 Or the gay flights of genius and of taste,
 Should I expect that meek humility
 Jesus, our lowly Master, bade us learn.
 Humility may rather dwell with us,
 Who, in a sphere of simple usefulness,
 Can better serve and glorify our God,
 Than they whom learning lifts so much above us."

There was a fourth.—I marvel what she thought,
 For she said nothing—yet she felt, perhaps.
 It may be she had loved the world too well,
 Had too refined and delicate a taste ;
 And while she felt the grace of God within,
 Had cause to mourn her yet unconquer'd pride.

Perhaps she loved too well the letter'd page,
 The force of intellect, the mental fire ;
 Was fond to see the holy cause she loved
 Adorned with all that learning can impart,
 And thought too meanly of the homely garb
 That simple poverty so often wears.
 Or if of beauty she had something known,
 She might remember when her folly prized
 Above its worth the transitory good.
 'T is certain, that the rising blush betray'd,
 Her self-convicted bosom could not boast
 The virtue each had challenged as her own.

I heard no more, nor know what passed within—
 I may not judge whose heart was proudest there.
He to whose eyes all bosoms are unbarr'd
 Might judge that she who blush'd that she was proud,
 Was humbler yet than they who knew it not.
 I cannot tell—but when they parted thence
 To meet their God that night in secret prayer,
 I think I know who breathed the deepest groan,
 Who sunk the lowest at her Maker's feet,
 And with most tears of bitter penitence
 Besought an interest in her Savior's blood.

Humility ! the sweetest, loveliest flower
 That bloom'd in Paradise, and the first that died,
 Has rarely blossom'd since on mortal soil.
 It is so frail, so delicate a thing,
 'T is gone if it but look upon itself ;
 And she who ventures to esteem it hers,
 Proves by that single thought she has it not.

HYMN.

• THE heavens, O Lord! thy power proclaim,
 And the earth echoes back thy name ;
 Ten thousand voices speak thy might,
 And day to day, and night to night,
 Utter thy praise—thou Lord above !
 Thy praise—thy glory—and thy love.

All things I see, or hear, or feel,
 Thy wisdom, goodness, power reveal.
 The silent crescent hung on high,
 So calmly sailing through the sky ;
 The lowliest flower that lights the dells ;
 The lightest wave the stream that swells—

The breeze that o'er the garden plays ;
 The farthest planet's glimmering rays ;
 The dew upon the distant hill ;
 The vapors that the valley fill ;
 The grove's untutor'd harmony—
 All speak, and loudly speak of Thee.

Thy name, thy glories, they rehearse,
 Great Spirit of the universe ;
 Sense of all sense, and soul of soul,
 Nought is too vast for thy control ;
 The meanest and the mightiest share
 Alike thy kindness and thy care.

Beneath thy all-directing nod,
 Both worlds and worms are equal, God !

Thy hand the comet's orbit drew,
 And lighted yonder glow-worm, too ;
 Thou didst the dome of heaven build up,
 And form'dst yon snowdrop's silver cup,

And nature, with its countless throng,
 And sun, and moon, and planet's song,
 And every flower that light receives,
 And every dew that tips the leaves,
 And every murmur of the sea—
 Tunes its sweet voice to worship Thee.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

GROUP after group are gathering—such as prest
 Once to their Savior's arms, and gently laid
 Their cherub heads upon his shielding breast,
 Though sterner souls the fond approach forbade ;—
 Group after group glide on with noiseless tread,
 And round Jehovah's sacred altar meet,
 Where holy thoughts in infant hearts are bred,
 And holy words their ruby lips repeat,
 Oft with a chasten'd glance, in modulation sweet.

Yet some there are, upon whose childish brows
 Wan poverty hath done the work of care ;
 Look up, ye sad ones ! 't is your Father's house
 Beneath whose consecrated dome you are ;
 More gorgeous robes ye see, and trappings rare,
 And watch the gaudier forms that gaily move,
 And deem, perchance, mistaken as you are,

The "coat of many colors" proves His love,
Whose sign is in the heart, and whose reward above.

And ye, blest laborers in this humble sphere,
To deeds of saint-like charity inclined,
Who from your cells of meditation dear
Come forth to guide the weak, untutor'd mind—
Yet ask no payment, save one smile refined
Of grateful love—one tear of contrite pain !
Meekly ye forfeit to your mission kind
The rest of earthly Sabbaths.—Be your gain
A sabbath without end, 'mid yon celestial plain.

BETTER MOMENTS.

My mother's voice ! how often creep
Its accents o'er my lonely hours !
Like healing sent on wings of sleep,
Or dew to the unconscious flowers.
I can forget her melting prayer
While leaping pulses madly fly ;
But in the still, unbroken air
Her gentle tones come stealing by,
And years, and sin, and manhood flee,
And leave me at my mother's knee.

The book of nature, and the print
Of beauty on the whispering sea,
Give aye to me some lineament
Of what I have been taught to be.
My heart is harder, and perhaps
My manliness hath drunk up tears,

And there's a mildew in the lapse
 Of a few miserable years—
 But nature's book is even yet
 With all my mother's lessons writ.

I have been out at eventide
 Beneath a moonlit sky of spring,
 When earth was garnish'd like a bride,
 And night had on her silver wing—
 When bursting leaves and diamond grass,
 And waters leaping to the light,
 And all that make the pulses pass
 With wilder fleetness, throng'd the night;
 When all was beauty—then have I,
 With friends on whom my love is flung,
 Like myrrh on winds of Araby,
 Gazed up where evening's lamp is hung.
 And when the beauteous spirit there
 Flung over me its golden chain,
 My mother's voice came on the air,
 Like the light dropping of the rain,
 Shower'd on me from some silver star:
 Then, as on childhood's bended knee,
 I've pour'd her low and fervent prayer,
 That our eternity might be
 To rise in heaven like stars at night,
 And tread a living path of light.

I have been on the dewy hills,
 When night was stealing from the dawn,
 And mist was on the waking rills,
 And tints were delicately drawn
 In the gray east—when birds were waking

With a slow murmur in the trees,
 And melody by fits was breaking
 Upon the whisper of the breeze,
 And this when I was forth, perchance,
 As a worn reveller from the dance—

And when the sun sprang gloriously
 And freely up, and hill and river

Were catching upon wave and tree
 The subtile arrows from his quiver—

I say a voice has thrilled me then,
 Heard on the still and rushing light,

Or, creeping from the silent glen
 Like words from the departing night,

Hath stricken me, and I have press'd
 On the wet grass my fever'd brow,

And pouring forth the earliest,
 First prayer, with which I learn'd to bow,

Have felt my mother's spirit rush
 Upon me as in by-past years,

And yielding to the blessed gush
 Of my ungovernable tears,

Have risen up—the gay, the wild—
 As humble as a very child.

TO A FRIEND,

WHO COMPLAINED THAT SHE HAD NOT A HOME.

SAD and slow was the wanderer's tread,
 As o'er the lengthen'd way she sped;
 And often she cast a wishful eye
 On the summer bower as she loiter'd by;

Or stopp'd to gather the brilliant flower
 That open'd its bud to the mid-day hour.
 But the gay flower died when she touch'd it near,
 And the summer bower was not for her.
 The lamb is housed when his game is play'd,
 And the sparrow knows where her nest is made,
 But the wanderer's toil is never done,
 All else have a home, but she has none.
 On whatever spot might her limbs recline,
 She sigh'd and whisper'd, "It is not mine."
 She sigh'd till she heard the warning word,
 "Shall it profit thee, when it slew thy Lord?
 Earth bare the thorns that pierced his brow,
 Should it yield thee flowers that fade not now?
 Thou wilt find, some fleeting seasons gone,
 A spot of earth that is all thine own;
 And none will contend for thy dark abode,
 When thy spirit is gone to rejoin its God.
 'T is dark—but thy Savior has shared it too,
 'T was the only home that on earth he knew;
 And his home in heaven is for thee to share—
 Pass lightly on till thou join him there."

RESIGNATION.

O God! whose thunder shakes the sky,
 Whose eye this atom-globe surveys,
 To thee, my only rock, I fly,
 Thy mercy in thy justice praise:—

The mystic mazes of thy will,
 The shadows of celestial night,
 Are past the powers of human skill;
 But what the Eternal does is right.

O teach me, in the trying hour,
 When anguish swells the dewy tear,
 To still my sorrows, own thy power,
 Thy goodness love, thy justice fear:—
 If in this bosom aught but thee,
 Encroaching, sought a boundless sway,
 Omniscience could the danger see,
 And mercy take the cause away.

Then why, my soul, dost thou complain?
 Why drooping seek the dark recess?
 Shake off the melancholy chain,
 For God created all to bless.—
 But ah! my breast is human still;
 The rising sigh, the falling tear,
 My languid bosom's feeble rill,
 The sickness of my soul declare.

But yet, with fortitude resign'd,
 I'll thank the inflictor of the blow;
 Forbid the sigh, compose my mind,
 Nor let the gush of misery flow:—
 The gloomy mantle of the night,
 Which on my sinking spirit steals,
 Will vanish at the morning light,
 Which God, my orient sun, reveals.

PRAYER.

PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,
 Unutter'd or express'd;
 The motion of a hidden fire,
 That trembles in the breast.

Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
 The falling of a tear;
 The upward glancing of an eye,
 When none but God is near.

Prayer is the simplest form of speech
 That infant lips can try;
 Prayer the sublimest strains that reach
 The Majesty on high.

Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
 The Christian's native air,
 His watchword at the gates of death—
 He enters heaven by prayer.

Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,
 Returning from his ways;
 While angels in their songs rejoice,
 And say, "Behold, he prays!"

The saints, in prayer, appear as one,
 In word, and deed, and mind,
 When with the Father and his Son
 Their fellowship they find.

Nor prayer is made on earth alone:
 The Holy Spirit pleads;

And Jesus, at the Eternal's throne,
For sinners intercedes.

O thou, by whom we come to God,
The Life, the Truth, the Way;
The path of prayer thyself hast trod
Lord, teach us how to pray.

A FRAGMENT FOUND IN A SKELETON CASE.

BEHOLD this ruin ! 'T was a skull
Once of ethereal spirit full !
This narrow cell was life's retreat ;
This space was thought's mysterious seat !
What beauteous pictures fill'd this spot !
What dreams of pleasure long forgot !
Nor love, nor joy, nor hope, nor fear,
Has left one trace of record here.

Beneath this mouldering canopy
Once shone the bright and busy eye—
But start not at the dismal void !—
If pious love that eye employ'd,
If with no lawless fire it gleam'd,
But through the dew of kindness beam'd,
That eye shall be forever bright,
When stars and suns have lost their light !

Here, in the silent cavern, hung
The ready, swift, and tuneful tongue !
If falsehood's honey it disdain'd,

And where it could not praise, was chain'd ;
 If bold in virtue's cause it spoke,
 Yet gentle concord never broke ;
 That tuneful tongue shall plead for thee,
 When death unveils eternity !

Say, did these fingers delve the mine,
 Or with its envied rubies shine ?—
 To hew the rock or wear the gem
 Can nothing now avail to them ;
 But if the page of truth they sought,
 Or comfort to the mourner brought,
 These hands a richer meed shall claim,
 Than all that waits on wealth or fame.

Avails it whether bare or shod
 These feet the path of duty trod ?
 If from the bowers of joy they fled
 To soothe affliction's humble bed,
 If grandeur's guilty bribe they spurn'd,
 And home to virtue's lap return'd ;
 These feet with angel's wings shall vie,
 And tread the palace of the sky.

PEACE OF MIND.

WHERE then may Peace erect her steadfast throne ?
 Within the pure, the pious breast alone,
 Whose gentle passions, harmonized by love,
 Are link'd to man below, to God above :
 Spite of the boast of luxury and pride,
 Within that narrow round—

And only there—her Paradise is found ;
 'T is all a waste and desert world beside.
 There smiling bands of watchful angels wait
 To guard her tranquil bowers and blissful state,
 And from the hallow'd limits drive afar
 The furies of the soul and busy fiends of care.

O blest the man ! whose aims and ardors rise
 On Faith's strong pinions soaring to the skies ;
 Yet, while conversing here with want and wo,
 Acts the good minister of Heaven below.
 The poor relieved, the widow's wrongs redress'd,
 The darken'd mind illumed with heavenly day,
 The sympathies, that soothe the burden'd breast,
 And wipe Affliction's tear away,—
 These shall like fragrant incense rise,
 Heaven's sweet, accepted sacrifice.
 These on the friendly, generous mind,
 Will draw God's choicest blessings down ;
 He'll mercy show, for mercies shown,
 And still be kindest to the kind.

THE MISSIONARY.

Go, take the wings of morn,
 And fly beyond the utmost sea ;
 Thou shalt not feel thyself forlorn,
 Thy God is still with thee ;
 And where his spirit bids thee dwell,
 There, and there only, thou art well.

Forsake thy father-land,
 Kindred, and friends, and pleasant home,
 O'er many a rude barbarian strand
 In exile though you roam,
 Walk there with God, and thou shalt find
 Double for all thy faith resign'd.

Launch boldly on the surge,
 And, in a light and fragile bark,
 Thy path through flood and tempest urge,
 Like Noah in the ark :
 Then tread, like him, a new world's shore,
 Thine altar build, and God adore.

Leave *our* Jerusalem,
 Jehovah's temple, and his rest ;
 Go where no Sabbath broke on them
 Whom pagan gloom oppress'd ;
 Till bright, though late, around their isles
 The gospel-dawn awoke in smiles.

Amidst that dawn from far
 Be thine expected presence shown,
 Rise on them, like the morning-star,
 In glory not thine own ;
 And tell them, while they hail the sight,
 Who turn'd thy darkness into light.

Tell them, his hovering rays
 Already gild their ocean's brim,
 Ere long, o'er heaven and earth to blaze—
 Direct all eyes to Him,
 The Sun of Righteousness, who brings
 Mercy and healing on his wings.

Nor thou disdain to teach
 To savage hordes celestial truth,
 To infant tongues thy mother's speech,
 Ennobling arts to youth :
 Till warriors fling their arms aside,
 O'er bloodless fields the plough to guide.

Train them, by patient toil,
 To rule the waves, subdue the ground,
 Enrich themselves with nature's spoil,
 With harvest trophies crown'd :
 Till coral reefs, 'mid desert seas,
 Become the true Hesperides.

Thus then in peace depart,
 And angels guard thy footsteps.—No ?
 There is a feeling in the heart
 That will not let thee go :
 Yet go—thy spirit stays with me ;
 Yet go—my spirit goes with thee.

Though the wide world between
 Our feet conglobe its solid mass ;
 Though lands and waters intervene,
 Which I must never pass ;
 Though day and night with thee be changed,
 Seasons reversed, and clime estranged ;

Yet one in soul, and one
 In faith, and hope, and purpose ;—yet
 God's witness in the heavens, yon sun,
 Forbids thee to forget
 Those from whose eyes his orb retires
 When thine his morning beauty fires.

When tropic gloom returns,
 Mark what new stars their vigils keep ;
 How glares the Wolf, the Phoenix burns ;
 And on a stormless deep
 The Ship of Heaven, the Patriarch's Dove,
 The emblem of Redeeming Love.

While these enchant thine eye,
 O think how often we have walk'd,
 Gazed on the glories of *our* sky,
 Of higher glories talk'd,
 Till our hearts caught a kindling ray,
 And burn'd within us by the way.

Those hours, those walks are past !
 We part, and ne'er again may meet :
 Why are the joys that will not last
 So perishingly sweet ?
 Farewell ! we surely meet again
 In life or death. Farewell till then !

A HOME EVERYWHERE.

HEAVE ! mighty ocean, heave !
 And blow, thou boisterous wind !
 Onward we swiftly glide, and leave
 Our home and friends behind.

Away, away we steer,
 Upon the ocean's breast ;
 And dim the distant heights appear,
 Like clouds along the west.

There is a loneliness
 Upon the mighty deep ;
 And hurried thoughts upon us press,
 As onwardly we sweep !

Our home—O, heavens—that word !
 A name without a thing !
 We are e'en as a lonely bird,
 Whose home is on the wing.

My wife and little one
 Are with me as I go ;
 And they are all beneath the sun
 I have of weal or wo.

With them, upon the sea
 Or land, where'er I roam,
 My all on earth is still with me,
 And I am still at home !

Heave, mighty ocean, heave !
 And blow, thou boisterous wind !
 Where'er we go, we cannot leave
 Our home and friends behind.

Then come, my lovely bride,
 And come, my child of wo ;
 Since we have nought on earth beside,
 What matters where we go ?

We heed not earthly powers,
 We heed not wind nor weather ;
 For come what will, this joy is ours—
 We share it still together.

And if the storms are wild,
 And we perish in the sea,
 We'll clasp each other and our child—
 One grave shall hold the three!

And neither shall remain
 To meet and bear alone
 The cares, the injuries, the pain,
 That we, my love, have known.

And there's a sweeter joy,
 Wherever we may be :
 Danger nor death can e'er destroy
 Our trust, O God ! in thee !

Then wherefore should we grieve,
 Or what have we to fear ?
 Though home, and friends, and life, we leave,
 Our God is ever near.

If he who made all things,
 And rules them, is our own,
 Then every grief and trial brings
 Us nearer to his throne.

Then come, my gentle bride,
 And come, my child of love ;
 What if we've nought on earth beside,
 Our portion is above !

Sweep ! mighty ocean, sweep !
 Ye winds, blow foul or fair,
 Our God is with us on the deep !
 Our home is everywhere.

THE DYING BLIND BOY TO HIS MOTHER.

MOTHER, I am dying now,
 Death's cold damps are on my brow !
 Leave me not—each pang grows stronger,
 Patient watch a little longer.
 Sweet it is your voice to hear,
 Though dull and heavy grows mine ear ;
 Wait and take my last adieu,—
 Never mother loved like you !
 Though your form I ne'er might see,
 Your image was not hid from me—
 Stamp'd on my adoring mind,
 Beautiful, but undefined ;
 Ever fair and ever bright,
 That vision fill'd me with delight.
 Well I knew, whate'er might be
 Those oft-praised forms I could not see,
 Might I all their beauty view,
 None of them would rival you.*
 Life to me was sweet and dear,
 While I lived thy tales to hear,
 Told by you on wintry hearth,
 All to make your blind boy mirth ;
 And I loved my voice to join
 In chorus of those hymns divine,
 By which you fondly taught your boy
 To look to heaven with hope and joy.
 Sun or moon I could not see,

* It has been related of some who were recovered from early blindness, that they evidently expected to find those whom affection and kindness had endeared to them, the most beautiful to the eye.

But love measured time for me :
 When your kiss my slumber broke,
 Then I knew the morn had woke ;
 When I heard the loud winds blow,
 And I felt the warm fire glow,
 Then I knew 't was winter wild,
 And kept at home—your helpless child !
 When the air grew mild and soft,
 And the gay lark sang aloft,
 And I heard the streamlet flowing,
 And I smelt the wild flower blowing,
 And the bee did round me hum,
 Then I knew the spring was come.
 Forth I wander'd with delight,
 And I knew when days were bright ;
 When I climb'd the green hill's side,
 Fancy traced the prospect wide ;
 And 't was pleasant when I press'd
 The warm and downy turf to rest.—
 Now I never more shall roam
 The many paths around my home ;
 And you will often look in vain,
 Nor hail your wandering boy again ;
 Never more on tiptoe creep,
 Where he lies as if asleep ;
 Or with a low and plaintive moan,
 Humming to himself alone,
 On a bed of wild flowers stretch'd,
 Starting when a kiss you snatch'd,
 Till nature whisper'd 't was my mother,
 And affection gave another !
 But 't is sweeter thus to die,
 With my tender mother by,

Than to be in life alone,
 When she and every friend were gone.
 Mourn not o'er me, broken-hearted,
 For not long shall we be parted ;
 Soon in vales which ever bloom,
 Which unfading flowers perfume,
 In realms of life, of light, of joy,
 You will meet your poor blind boy.

THE VOICE AND TEMPLE OF NATURE.

'T was Eve's pensive twilight, the valley was gray,
 And the golden streak'd west seem'd the memory of
 day ;

Between the dark trees almost deepen'd to night,
 The brook yet reflected the soft amber light.

And all was so still and so fragrant around,
 That the fragrance appear'd from the stillness to
 creep ;

It seem'd as if Nature reposed on the ground,
 And the odor that rose was the breath of her sleep.

The nightingale singing within her green cells,
 Made the woods sweetly mourn with the strains of
 her ditty ;

O, her notes sobb'd so true, it was Grief when she
 tells

All the woes of her breast to the listening of Pity.

Nought was heard when she paused, but the sound
 of the rill,

With its little lone music so silvery and meek,
And the sweet lisping fall, and the landscape so
still,

Seem'd as first infant essays of Silence to speak

The moon slowly rising behind the tall trees,
Her silver globe seem'd to suspend from the pine—
'T was the calm lamp of Silence—the leaves felt no
breeze,
And the world at that moment seem'd form'd but to
shine.

All soothed and subdued in the midst of the scene,
God of Nature ! I cried, here Religion may kneel—
This temple thou fillest !—majestic, serene—
On this turf let me worship !—the GODHEAD I feel.

LOVE.

THEY sin who tell us Love can die :
With life all other passions fly,
All others are but vanity.
In heaven Ambition cannot dwell,
Nor Avarice in the vaults of hell ;
Earthly these passions of the earth,
They perish where they have their birth ;
But Love is indestructible.
Its holy flame forever burneth,
From heaven it came, to heaven returneth ;
Too oft on earth a troubled guest,
At times deceived, at times oppress'd,
It here is tried and purified,

Then hath in heaven its perfect rest ;
 It soweth here with toil and care,
 But the harvest-time of Love is there.
 Oh ! when the mother meets on high
 The babe she loved in infancy ;
 Hath she not then, for pains and fears,
 The day of wo, the watchful night,
 For all her sorrow, all her tears,
 An over-payment of delight !

THE ORPHAN'S HYMN.

WHERE shall the child of sorrow find
 A place for calm repose ?
 Thou Father of the fatherless,
 Pity the orphan's woes !

What friend have I in Heaven or earth,
 What friend to trust but thee ?
 My father 's dead—my mother 's dead ;
 My God, remember me !

Thy gracious promise now fulfil,
 And bid my trouble cease ;
 In thee the fatherless shall find
 Pure mercy, grace and peace.

I've not a secret care or pain,
 But he that secret knows ;
 Thou, Father of the fatherless,
 Pity the orphan's woes !

“O THAT I HAD WINGS LIKE A DOVE!”

O, COULD the soul oppress'd with care
 Shake off her deadly load ;
 Spring upward to the realms of air,
 And seek a new abode ;
 Where misery's gnawing pang should cease,
 And hope forever dwell with peace.

Methinks 't were sweet to soar on high,
 And feel the heart grow light,
 To see the gloomy cloud pass by,
 And all around look bright ;
 To leave behind the weight of pain,
 And sorrow, with her fearful train.

How would the spirit joy to look
 On all she left below,
 And, as her parting glance she took,
 With hope triumphant glow ;
 And think that all her toils were o'er,
 When she had gain'd that peaceful shore.

God of eternity ! from thee
 This feeble being came,
 Thine eye its hidden springs can see,
 Thou know'st its inmost frame ;
 And in its ways and wanderings still
 'T is but the creature of thy will.

O ! if o'er all its varying fate
 Thy hand supreme presides,

And tempering affliction's weight,
 The stroke in mercy guides,
 With meek submission let me bend,
 And thy unseen design attend.

AUTUMN.

NAY, William, nay, not so ; the changeful year
 In all its due successions to my sight
 Presents but varied beauties, transient all,
 All in their season good. These fading leaves
 That with their rich variety of hues
 Make yonder forest in the slanting sun
 So beautiful, in you awake the thought
 Of winter, cold, drear winter, when these trees
 Each like a fleshless skeleton shall stretch
 Its bare brown boughs ; when not a flower shall
 spread
 Its colors to the day, and not a bird
 Carol its joyance,—but all nature wear
 One sullen aspect, bleak and desolate,
 To eye, ear, feeling, comfortless alike.
 To me their many-colored beauties speak
 Of times of merriment and festival,
 The year's best holiday : I call to mind
 The schoolboy days, when in the falling leaves
 I saw with eager hope the pleasant sign
 Of coming Christmas, when at morn I took
 My wooden kalendar, and counting up
 Once more its often-told account, smooth'd off

Each day with more delight the daily notch.
 To you the beauties of the autumnal year
 Make mournful emblems, and you think of man
 Doom'd to the grave's long winter, spirit-broke,
 Bending beneath the burden of his years,
 Sense-dull'd and fretful, "full of aches and pains,"
 Yet clinging still to life. To me they show
 The calm decay of nature, when the mind
 Retains its strength, and in the languid eye
 Religion's holy hopes kindle a joy
 That makes old age look lovely. All to you
 Is dark and cheerless ; you in this fair world
 See some destroying principle abroad,
 Air, earth, and water full of living things,
 Each on the other preying ; and the ways
 Of man, a strange perplexing labyrinth,
 Where crimes and miseries, each producing each,
 Render life loathsome, and destroy the hope
 That should in death bring comfort. O, my friend,
 That thy faith were as mine ! that thou couldst see
 Death still producing life, and evil still
 Working its own destruction ; couldst behold
 The strifes and tumults of this troubled world
 With the strong eye that sees the promised day
 Dawn through this night of tempest ! all things then
 Would minister to joy ; then should thy heart
 Be heal'd and harmonized, and thou shouldst feel
 God always, everywhere, and all in all.

"YE ARE THE SALT OF THE EARTH."

SALT of the earth ! ye virtuous few,
 Who season human kind ;
 Light of the world ! whose cheering ray
 Illumes the realms of mind.

Where misery spreads her deepest shade
 Your strong compassion glows ;
 From your blest lips the balm proceeds
 That softens human woes.

By dying beds, in prison glooms,
 Your frequent steps are found ;
 Angels of love ! you hover near,
 To bind the stranger's wound.

You wash with tears the bloody page
 Which human crimes deform ;
 When vengeance threatens, your prayers ascend,
 And break the gathering storm.

As down the summer stream of wo
 The thoughtless many glide,
 Upward ye steer your steady bark,
 And stem the rushing tide.

Where guilt her foul contagion breathes,
 And golden spoils allure,
 Unspotted still your garments shine,
 Your hands are ever pure.

Whene'er you touch the poet's lyre,
 A loftier strain is heard ;

Each ardent thought is yours alone,
And every burning word.

Yours is the large expansive thought,
The high heroic deed ;
Exile and chains to you are dear,
To you 't is sweet to bleed.

• • You lift on high the warning voice
When public ills prevail ;
Yours is the writing on the wall,
That turns the tyrant pale.

The dogs of hell your steps pursue,
With scoff, and shame, and loss ;
The hemlock bowl 't is yours to drain,
To taste the bitter cross.

Even yet the steaming scaffolds smoke
By Seine's polluted stream ;
With your rich blood the fields are drench'd,
Where Polish sabres gleam.

Even now, through those accursed bars,
In vain we send our sighs
Where, deep in Olmutz's dungeon gleams,
The patriot martyr lies. •

Yet yours is all—through history's page
The kindling bosom feels ;
And at your tomb, with throbbing heart,
The fond enthusiast kneels.

And pæans loud in every tongue,
And choral hymns resound ;

And lengthening honors hand your name
To time's remotest bound.

Proceed ! your race of glory run,
Your virtuous toils endure !
You come, commissioned from on high,
And your reward is sure. 1797.

PSALM CIII.

O my soul, with all thy powers,
Bless the Lord's most holy name ;
O my soul, till life's last hours,
Bless the Lord, his praise proclaim ;
Thine infirmities he heal'd ;
He thy peace and pardon seal'd.

He with loving kindness crown'd thee,
Satisfied thy mouth with good ;
From the snares of death unbound thee,
Eagle-like thy youth renew'd :
Rich in tender mercy he,
Slow to wrath, to favor free.

He will not retain displeasure,
Though awhile he hide his face ;
Nor his God-like bounty measure
By our merit, but his grace ;
As the heaven the earth transcends,
Over us his care extends.

Far as east and west are parted,
 He our sins hath sever'd thus ;
 As a father loving-hearted
 Spares his son, he spareth us ;
 For he knows our feeble frame,
 He remembers whence we came.

Mark the field flower where it groweth,
 Frail and beautiful ;—anon,
 When the south wind softly bloweth,
 Look again,—the flower is gone ;
 Such is man ; his honors pass,
 Like the glory of the grass.

From eternity, enduring
 To eternity,—the Lord,
 Still his people's bliss insuring,
 Keeps his covenanted word ;
 Yea, with truth and righteousness,
 Children's children he will bless.

As in heaven his throne and dwelling,
 King on earth he holds his sway ;
 Angels, ye in strength excelling,
 Bless the Lord, his voice obey ;
 All his works beneath the pole,
 Bless the Lord, with thee, my soul.

PRAYER FOR RESIGNATION.

THOU Power Supreme, whose mighty scheme
 These woes of mine fulfil,

Here firm I rest ; they *must* be best,
Because they are *thy* will.

Then—all I want—O, do thou grant
This one request of mine !
Since to *enjoy* thou dost deny,
Assist me to *resign* !

PSALM XLVI.

God is our refuge and defence,
In trouble our unfailing aid ;
Secure in his omnipotence,
What foe can make our soul afraid ?

Yea, though the earth's foundations rock,
And mountains down the gulf be hurl'd,
His people smile amid the shock,
They look beyond this transient world.

There is a river pure and bright,
Whose streams make glad the heavenly plains ;
Where, in eternity of light,
The city of our God remains.

Built by the word of his command,
With his unclouded presence bless'd,
Firm as his throne the bulwarks stand ;
There is our home, our hope, our rest.

Thither let fervent faith aspire ;
Our treasure and our hearts be there ;

O for a seraph's wing of fire !

No,—on the mightier wings of prayer,—

We reach at once that last retreat,

And, ranged among the ransom'd throng,
Fall with the elders at *his* feet,

Whose name alone inspires their song.

Ah, soon, how soon ! our spirits droop,

Unwont the air of heaven to breathe :

Yet God in very deed will stoop,

And dwell Himself with men beneath.

Come to thy living temples, then,

As in the ancient times appear ;

Let earth be paradise again,

And man, O God, thine image here.

PSALM XXIII.

THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,

And feed me with a shepherd's care ;

His presence shall my wants supply,

And guard me with a watchful eye ;

My noonday walks he shall attend,

And all my midnight hours defend.

When in the sultry glebe I faint,

Or on the thirsty mountain pant,

To fertile vales and dewy meads

My weary, wandering steps he leads,

Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,

Amid the verdant landscape flow.

Though in the paths of death I tread,
 With gloomy horrors overspread,
 My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
 For thou, O Lord ! art with me still ;
 Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
 And guide me through the dreadful shade.

Though, in a bare and rugged way,
 Through devious, lonely wilds I stray,
 Thy bounty shall my pains beguile,
 The barren wilderness shall smile,
 With sudden greens and herbage crown'd,
 And streams shall murmur all around.

THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM.

• WHEN, marshall'd on the nightly plain,
 The glittering host bestud the sky,
 One Star alone of all the train
 Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.

Hark ! hark ! to God the chorus breaks,
 From every host, from every gem ;
 But one alone the Savior speaks,
 It is the Star of Bethlehem.

Once on the raging seas I rode,
 The storm was loud, the night was dark,
 The ocean yawn'd, and rudely blow'd
 The wind that toss'd my foundering bark.

Deep horror then my vitals froze,
 Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem ;—

When suddenly a star arose,
It was the Star of Bethlehem.

It was my guide, my light, my all,
It bade my dark forebodings cease ;
And through the storm, and danger's thrall,
It led me to the port of peace.

Now safely moor'd—my perils o'er,
I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
Forever and forevermore,
The Star !—the Star of Bethlehem !

THE POWER OF GOD.

THE Lord our God is full of might,
The winds obey his will ;
He speaks, and in his heavenly height
The rolling sun stands still.

Rebel, ye waves, and o'er the land
With threatening aspect roar ;
The Lord uplifts his awful hand,
And chains you to the shore.

Howl, winds of night, your force combine ;
Without his high behest,
Ye shall not in the mountain-pine
Disturb the sparrow's nest.

His voice sublime is heard afar,
In distant peals it dies ;

He yokes the whirlwinds to his car,
And sweeps the howling skies.

Ye nations, bend, in reverence bend,
Ye monarchs, wait his nod,
And bid the choral song ascend
To celebrate the God!

ODE TO DISAPPOINTMENT.

COME, Disappointment, come!
Not in thy terrors clad;
Come in thy meekest, saddest guise;
Thy chastening rod but terrifies
The restless and the bad.
But I recline
Beneath thy shrine,
And round my brow resign'd thy peaceful cypress
twine.

Though Fancy flies away
Before thy hollow tread,
Yet Meditation, in her cell,
Hears, with faint eye, the lingering knell,
That tells her hopes are dead.
And though the tear
By chance appear,
Yet she can smile, and say, "My all was not laid
here."

COME, Disappointment, come!
Though from Hope's summit hurl'd,

Still, rigid Nurse, thou art forgiven,
 For thou severe wert sent from heaven
 To wean me from the world :

To turn my eye
 From vanity,

And point to scenes of bliss that never, never die.

What is this passing scene ?

A peevish April day !

A little sun—a little rain,

And then night sweeps along the plain,

And all things fade away

Man (soon discuss'd)

Yields up his trust,

And all his hopes and fears lie with him in the dust.

O, what is Beauty's power ?

It flourishes and dies ;

Will the cold earth its silence break,

To tell how soft, how smooth a cheek

Beneath its surface lies ?

Mute, mute is all

O'er Beauty's fall ;

Her praise resounds no more when mantled in her
 pall.

The most beloved on earth

Not long survives to-day ;

So music past is obsolete,

And yet 't was sweet, 't was passing sweet,

But now 't is gone away.

Thus does the shade

In memory fade,

When in forsaken tomb the form beloved is laid.

Then since this world is vain,
 And volatile, and fleet,
 Why should I lay up earthly joys,
 Where rust corrupts, and moth destroys,
 And cares and sorrows eat ?
 Why fly from ill
 With anxious skill,
 When soon this hand will freeze, this throbbing heart
 be still ?

Come, Disappointment, come !
 Thou art not stern to me ;
 Sad monitress ! I own thy sway,
 A votary sad in early day,
 To thee I bend my knee :
 From sun to sun
 My race will run,
 I only bow, and say, " My God, thy will be done ! "

ON HEARING THE CLOCK STRIKE TWELVE
 AT NIGHT, DECEMBER 31st.

KNELL of departed years,
 Thy voice is sweet to me :
 It wakes no sad foreboding fears,
 Calls forth no sympathetic tears,
 Time's restless course to see ;
 From hallow'd ground
 I hear the sound
 Diffusing through the air a holy calm around.

Thou art the voice of *Love* :
 To chide each doubt away ;
 And as thy murmur faintly dies,
 Visions of past enjoyment rise
 In long and bright array :
 I hail the sign
 That love divine
 Will o'er my future path in cloudless mercy shine.

Thou art the voice of *Hope* :
 The music of the spheres—
 A song of blessings yet to come,
 A herald from my future home,
 My soul delighted hears :
 By sin deceived,
 By nature grieved,
 Still am I nearer rest than when I first believed.

Thou art the voice of *Life* :
 A sound which seems to say,
 "O prisoner in this gloomy vale,
 Thy flesh shall faint, thy heart shall fail ;
 Yet fairer scenes thy spirit hail,
 That cannot pass away :
 Here grief and pain
 Thy steps detain ;
 There in the image of the Lord shalt thou with Jesus
 reign."

THE WORLD AND THE GOSPEL.

THE world with "stones," instead of "bread,"
 Our hungry souls has often fed :

It promised *health*—in one short hour
 Perish'd the fair, but fragile flower ;
 It promised *riches*—in a day
 They made them wings, and fled away ;
 It promised *friends*—all “sought their own,”
 And left my widow'd heart alone.

Lord ! with the barren service spent,
 To thee my suppliant knee I bent ;
 And found in thee a Father's grace,
 His hand, his heart, his faithfulness,
 The voice of peace, the smile of love,
 The “bread” which feeds thy saints above ;
 And tasted, in this world of wo,
 A joy its children never know.

PATERNAL CARE OF THE DEITY.

THE insect, that with puny wing
 Just shoots along one summer ray ;
 The floweret which the breath of spring
 Wakes into life for half a day ;
 The smallest mote, the slenderest hair—
 All feel our common Father's care.

Even from the glories of his throne
 He bends, to view this wandering ball ;
 Sees all, as if that all were one ;
 Loves one, as if that one were all ;
 Rolls the swift planets in their spheres,
 And counts the sinner's lonely tears.

MILTON'S SONNET ON HIS BLINDNESS.

WHEN I consider how my light is spent,
 Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide,
 And that one talent, which is death to hide,
 Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent
 To serve therewith my Maker, and present
 My true account, lest he return and chide.
 "Doth God exact day-labor, light denied?"
 I fondly ask: but Patience, to prevent
 That murmur, soon replies, "God doth not need
 Either man's work, or his own gifts; who best
 Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best; his state
 Is kingly: thousands at his bidding speed,
 And post o'er land and ocean, without rest;
 They also serve who only stand and wait."

THE CHRISTIAN IN THE PROSPECT OF DEATH.

O most delightful hour by man
 Experienced here below,
 The hour that terminates his span,
 His folly and his wo!

Worlds should not bribe me back to tread
 Again life's dreary waste,
 To see again my day o'erspread
 With all the gloomy past.

My home henceforth is in the skies,
 Earth, seas, and sun, adieu !
 All heaven unfolded to my eyes,
 I have no sight for you.

So speaks the Christian, firm possess'd
 Of Faith's supporting rod ;
 Then breathes his soul into its rest,
 The bosom of his God.

BLESSED BE THY NAME FOR EVER.

BLESSED be thy name for ever,
 Thou of life the guard and giver ;
 Thou canst guard thy creatures sleeping,
 Heal the heart long broke with weeping.
 God of stillness and of motion,
 Of the desert and the ocean,
 Of the mountain, rock, and river,
 Blessed be thy name for ever.

Thou who slumberest not, nor sleepest,
 Bless'd are they thou kindly keepest ;
 God of evening's parting ray,
 Of midnight's gloom, and dawning day,
 That rises from the azure sea
 Like breathings of eternity.
 God of life, that fade shall never,
 Blessed be thy name for ever.

THE HEAVENLY MINSTREL.

ENTHRONED upon a hill of light,
 A heavenly minstrel sings;
 And sounds unutterably bright
 Spring from the golden strings.
 Who would have thought so fair a form
 Once bent beneath an earthly storm?

Yet was he sad and lonely here;
 Of low and humble birth;
 And mingled, while in this dark sphere,
 With meanest sons of earth;
 In spirit poor, in look forlorn,
 The jest of mortals and the scorn.

A crown of heavenly radiance now,
 A harp of golden strings,
 Glitters upon his deathless brow,
 And to his hymn-note rings.
 The bower of interwoven light
 Seems, at the sound, to grow more bright.

Then, while with visage blank and sere
 The poor in soul we see,
 Let us not think what he is here,
 But what he soon will be;
 And look beyond this earthly night,
 To crowns of gold and bowers of light.

COMFORT UNDER AFFLICTION.

WHEN gathering clouds around I view,
And days are dark, and friends are few ;
On Him I lean, who, not in vain,
Experienced every human pain.
He sees my griefs, allays my fears,
And counts and treasures up my tears.

If aught should tempt my soul to stray
From heavenly wisdom's narrow way,
To fly the good I would pursue,
Or do the thing I would not do ;
Still He, who felt temptation's power,
Shall guard me in that dangerous hour.

If wounded love my bosom swell,
Despised by those I prized too well ;
He shall his pitying aid bestow,
Who felt on earth severer wo—
At once betray'd, denied, or fled,
By those who shared his daily bread.

When vexing thoughts within me rise,
And, sore dismay'd, my spirit dies ;
Yet He, who once vouchsafed to bear
The sickening anguish of despair,
Shall sweetly soothe, shall gently dry,
The throbbing heart, the streaming eye.

When mourning o'er some stone I bend,
Which covers all that was a friend,

And from his voice, his hand, his smile,
Divides me for a little while ;
Thou, Savior, mark'st the tears I shed,
For thou didst weep o'er Lazarus dead.

And O ! when I have safely pass'd
Through every conflict but the last ;
Still, still unchanging, watch beside
My painful bed—for thou hast died ;
Then point to realms of cloudless day,
And wipe the latest tear away.

THE HEAVENLY REST.

THERE is an hour of peaceful rest,
To mourning wanderers given ;
There is a tear for souls distress'd,
A balm for every wounded breast—
'T is found above—in heaven !

There is a soft, a downy bed,
'T is fair as breath of even ;
A couch for weary mortals spread,
Where they may rest the aching head,
And find repose, in heaven !

There is a home for weary souls,
By sin and sorrow driven ;
When toss'd on life's tempestuous shoals,
Where storms arise, and ocean rolls,
And all is drear—but heaven !

There faith lifts up the tearful eye,
 The heart with anguish riven ;
 And views the tempest passing by,
 The evening shadows quickly fly,
 And all serene, in heaven !

There fragrant flowers immortal bloom,
 And joys supreme are given ;
 There rays divine disperse the gloom :
 Beyond the confines of the tomb,
 Appears the dawn of heaven !

SOLITUDE.

It is not that my lot is low,
 That bids this silent tear to flow ;
 It is not grief that bids me moan,—
 It is that I am all alone.

In woods and glens I love to roam,
 When the tired hedger hies him home ;
 Or by the woodland pool to rest,
 When pale the star looks on its breast.

Yet when the silent evening sighs
 With hallow'd airs and symphonies,
 My spirit takes another tone,
 And sighs that it is all alone.

The autumn leaf is sere and dead,
 It floats upon the water's bed ;
 I would not be a leaf, to die
 Without recording sorrow's sigh.

The woods and winds, with sudden wail,
 Tell all the same unvaried tale ;
 I've none to smile when I am free,
 And, when I sigh, to sigh with me.

Yet in my dreams a form I view,
 That thinks on me, and loves me too ;
 I start, and when the vision's flown,
 I weep that I am all alone.

REPLY.

CHILD of the dust, I heard thee mourn :
 "Will God forsake, and not return ?
 Unheal'd my wounds, my woes unknown,
 Down to the grave I sink alone."

But art thou thus indeed alone,
 Quite unbefriended and unknown ?
 And hast thou then *His* love forgot,
 Who form'd thy frame, and fix'd thy lot ?

Who laid his Son within the grave,
 Thy soul from endless death to save ?
 Who gave his Spirit to console,
 And make thy wounded bosom whole ?

Is not His voice in evening's gale ?
 Beams not in Him the star so pale ?
 Is there a leaf can fade or die,
 Unnoticed by His watchful eye ?

Each fluttering hope, each anxious fear,
 Each lonely sigh, each silent tear,
 To thine Almighty Friend are known ;
 And say'st thou, thou art all alone ?

THE TIME TO WEEP.

THERE is a time to laugh,
 When joy may raise his billows like the deep,
 And twine with wreaths of flowers the cup we quaff,—
 But O, when is the season not to weep ?

Is it when vernal suns
 Unfold the silken flower and satin leaf,
 Or when the hoar-frost nips the fading ones,
 That frailer beings may refrain from grief ?

Is it when health and bloom
 Are painted on the smiling cheek of youth ?
 Or when disease is training for the tomb
 The heart which cherishes its bitter truth ?

Look not upon the brow
 That shows no furrow from the plough of years ;
 There is a bend of peace upon it now—
 But oh ! futurity is full of tears !

The prattling child at play
 May charm itself, and dry its tears awhile ;
 But could its vision reach beyond to-day,
 And read its sorrows, think you it would smile ?

Destruction has its home,
 And mirth is destined to some favorite spot,
 Disease and all his brothers do not roam ;
 But where—O wretchedness ! where art thou not ?

Thou hast thy dark abode
 In the lone desert—in the prison's cell—
 And in the gayest scene, where ever flowed
 The tide of wine and music, thou dost dwell.

Thou art where friends are torn
 And held asunder by reluctant space ;
 And meeting friends—O, do they never mourn
 When memory paints thine image on the face ?

Thy inmates of the breast—
 All other passions—are but weak and brief ;
 Joy, Hope, Pride, Love and Hatred have a rest,
 But thou art constant as our breath, O Grief !

Then let the trifler laugh,
 And Joy lift his glad billows like the deep,
 And twine with wreaths of flowers the cup we quaff ;
 It is far better for the wise to weep.

THE ECLIPSE.

WITHOUT a shade, where beams the orient light ?
 Where blooms the lovely rose without a thorn ?
 Is there a day without succeeding night ?
 Is there a man to no misfortune born ?

Is there a Sultan free from cares of state ?
 Is there a Visier free from anxious dread ?
 Is there a Chieftain, with success elate,
 Whose fortune hangs not on a spider's thread ?

Is there a sea unruffled by a storm,
 Or rock-fenced shore unbeaten by the main ?
 Is there a sky no tempests e'er deform,
 Or cloud that melts not into falling rain ?

E'en now the glorious Sun eclipsed I see,
 Deep sunk in shadows : lo ! his beams decay :
 Why then should prosperous fortune favor me
 Through life's dim circle with a cloudless ray ?
 Grant me, just God ! a calm, unfetter'd mind,
 And humble heart, in all to thee resign'd.

MORNING MEDITATIONS.

In sleep's serene oblivion laid,
 I 've safely pass'd the silent night ;
 Again I see the breaking shade,
 Again behold the morning light.

New-born, I bless the waking hour ;
 Once more, with awe, rejoice to be ;
 My conscious soul resumes her power,
 And soars, my guardian God, to thee.

O guide me through the various maze
 My doubtful feet are doom'd to tread ;
 And spread thy shield's protecting blaze
 Where dangers press around my head.

A deeper shade shall soon impend,
 A deeper sleep mine eyes oppress :—
 Yet then thy strength shall still defend,
 Thy goodness still delight to bless.

That deeper shade shall break away ;
 That deeper sleep shall leave mine eyes ;
 Thy light shall give eternal day,
 Thy love the rapture of the skies.

ON THE CUSTOM OF PLANTING FLOWERS ON THE GRAVES OF DEPARTED FRIENDS.

To 'scape from chill misfortune's gloom,
 From helpless age and joyless years ;
 To sleep where flowerets round us bloom ;—
 Can such a fate deserve our tears ?

Since, in the tomb, our cares, our woes
 In dark oblivion buried lie,
 Why paint that scene of calm repose
 In figures painful to the eye ?

To die !—what is in death to fear ?
 'T will decompose my lifeless frame !
 A power, unseen, still watches near,
 To light it with a purer flame.

And, when anew that flame shall burn,
 Perhaps the dust that lies enshrined,
 May rise, a woodbine, o'er my urn,
 With verdant tendrils round it twined.

How would the gentle bosom beat,
 That sighs at death's resistless power,
 A faithful friend again to meet
 Fresh blooming in a fragrant flower !

The love, that in my bosom glows,
 Will live, when I shall long be dead,
 And, haply, tinge some budding rose
 That blushes o'er my grassy bed.

O, thou who hast so long been dear,
 When I shall cease to smile on thee,
 I know that thou wilt linger here,
 With pensive soul, to sigh for me.

Thy gentle hand will sweets bestow,
 Transcending Eden's boasted bloom ;
 Each flower with brighter tints shall glow,
 When Love and Beauty seek my tomb.

And, when the rose-bud's virgin breath
 With fragrance fills the morning air,
 Imagine me released from death,
 And all my soul reviving there.

"ANGELS SENT TO MINISTER."

AND is there care in heaven ? and is there love
 In heavenly spirits to these creatures base,
 That may compassion of their evils move ?
 There is ; else much more wretched were the case
 Of men than beasts. But O ! the exceeding grace
 Of highest God ! that loves his creatures so,

And all his works with mercy doth embrace,
 That blessed angels he sends to and fro,
 To serve to wicked man,—to serve his wicked foe.

How oft do they their silver bowers leave,
 To come to succor us, that succor want !
 How oft do they with golden pinions cleave
 The flitting skies, like flying pursuivants
 Against foul fiends, to aid us militant !
 They for us fight, they watch and duly ward,
 And their bright squadrons round about us plant ;
 And all for love, and nothing for reward ;
 O ! why should heavenly God to man have such regard !

THOUGHTS IN PROSPECT OF DEATH.

SAD, solitary *Thought*, who keep'st thy vigils,
 Thy solemn vigils, in the sick man's mind,
 Communing lonely with his sinking soul,
 And musing on the dubious glooms that lie
 In dim obscurity before him,—thee,
 Wrapped in thy dark magnificence, I call
 At this still, midnight hour, this awful season,
 When, on my bed, in wakeful restlessness,
 I turn me, wearisome. While all around,
 All, all, save me, sink in forgetfulness,
 I only wake to watch the sickly taper
 Which lights me to my tomb.—Yes, 't is the hand
 Of death I feel press heavy on my vitals,
 Slow-sapping the warm current of existence.

My moments now are few.—The sand of life

Ebbs fastly to its finish.—Yet a little,
 And the last fleeting particle will fall,
 Silent, unseen, unnoticed, unlamented.
 Come, then, sad Thought, and let us meditate,
 While meditate we may.—There's left us now
 But a small portion of what men call time,
 To hold communion; for, even now, the knife,
 The separating knife, I feel divide
 The tender bond that binds my soul to earth.
 Yes, I must die—I feel that I must die;
 And though, to me, life has been dark and dreary,
 Though hope, for me, has smiled but to deceive,
 And disappointment mark'd me as her victim,
 Yet do I feel my soul recoil within me,
 As I contemplate the dim gulf of death,
 The shuddering void, the awful blank—futuraity.

Ay, I had plann'd full many a sanguine scheme
 Of earthly happiness—romantic schemes,
 And fraught with loveliness:—and it is hard
 To feel the hand of death arrest one's steps,
 Throw a chill blight o'er all one's budding hopes,
 And hurl one's soul untimely to the shades,
 Lost in the gaping gulf of blank oblivion.

Fifty years hence, and who will hear of Henry?
 O, none:—another busy brood of beings
 Will shoot up in the interim, and none
 Will hold him in remembrance. I shall sink
 As sinks a stranger in the crowded streets
 Of busy London:—some short bustle's caused,
 A few inquiries, and the crowds close in,
 And all's forgotten. On my grassy grave
 The men of future times will careless tread,

And read my name upon the sculptured stone ;
 Nor will the sound, familiar to their ears,
 Recall my vanish'd memory. I did hope
 For better things :—I hoped I should not leave
 The earth without a vestige. Fate decrees
 It shall be otherwise,—and I submit.

Henceforth, O world, no more of thy desires !
 No more of hope !—the wanton, vagrant hope !
 I abjure all.—Now other cares engross me,
 And my tired soul, with emulative haste,
 Looks to its God, and plumes its wings for heaven.

“THIS DO IN REMEMBRANCE OF ME.”

If human kindness meets return,
 And owns the grateful tie ;
 If tender thoughts within us burn
 To feel a friend is nigh ;

O ! shall not warmer accents tell
 The gratitude we owe
 To Him 'who died, our fears to quell,
 Our more than orphan's wo !

While yet his anguish'd soul survey'd
 Those pangs he would not flee ;
 What love his latest words display'd
 “ Meet and remember me ! ”

Remember Thee ! thy death, thy shame,
 Our sinful hearts to share !
 O Memory, leave no other name
 But His recorded there !

THE GRAVE.

I LOVE to muse, when none are nigh,
Where yew-tree branches wave,
And hear the winds, with softest sigh,
Sweep o'er the grassy grave.

It seems a mournful music, meet
To soothe a lonely hour;
Sad though it be, it is more sweet
Than that from Pleasure's bower.

I know not why it should be sad,
Or seem a mournful tone,
Unless by man the spot be clad
With terrors not its own.

To nature it seems just as dear
As earth's most cheerful site;
The dew-drops glitter there as clear,
The sunbeams shine as bright.

The showers descend as softly there
As on the loveliest flowers;
Nor does the moonlight seem more fair
On Beauty's sweetest bowers.

"Ay! but within—within, there sleeps
One, o'er whose mouldering clay
The loathsome earth-worm winds and creeps,
And wastes that form away."

And what of that? The frame that feeds
 The reptile tribe below,
 As little of their banquet heeds,
 As of the winds that blow.

RESIGNATION.

IN trouble and in grief, O God,
 Thy smile hath cheer'd my way;
 And joy hath budded from each thorn
 That round my footsteps lay.

The hours of pain have yielded good,
 Which prosperous days refused;
 As herbs, though scentless when entire,
 Spread fragrance when they're bruised.

The oak strikes deeper as its boughs
 By furious blasts are driven;
 So life's vicissitudes the more
 Have fix'd my heart in heaven.

All-gracious Lord! whate'er my lot
 In other times may be,
 I'll welcome still the heaviest grief
 That brings me near to thee.

THE FALL OF THE LEAF.

THE autumnal winds had stripp'd the field
 Of all its foliage, all its green;

The winter's harbinger had still'd
That soul of song which cheer'd the scene.

With visage pale, and tottering gait,
As one who hears his parting knell,
I saw a youth disconsolate ;—
He came to breathe his last farewell.

"Thou grove ! how dark thy gloom to me !
Thy glories riven by autumn's breath !
In every falling leaf I see
A threatening messenger of death.

"O *Æsculapius* !* in my ear
Thy melancholy warnings chime :—
'Fond youth ! bethink thee, thou art here
A wanderer for the last, last time.

" 'Thy spring will winter's gloom o'ershade,
Ere yet the fields are white with snow ;
Ere yet the latest flowerets fade,
Thou, in thy grave, wilt sleep below.'

"I hear the hollow murmuring—
The cold wind rolling o'er the plain—
Alas ! the brightest days of spring
How swift ! how sorrowful ! how vain !

"O wave, ye dancing boughs, O wave !
Perchance to-morrow's dawn may see
My mother weeping on my grave :
Then consecrate my memory.

*In the Greek mythology, the cock was one of the animals consecrated to *Æsculapius*, the god of medicine.

"I see, with loose, dishevelled hair,
 Covering her snowy bosom, come
 The angel of my childhood there,
 And dew, with tears, my early tomb.

"Then in the autumn's silent eve,
 With fluttering wing and gentlest tread,
 My spirit its calm bed shall leave,
 And hover o'er the mourner's head."

Then he was silent;—faint and slow
 His steps retraced. He came no more :
 The last leaf trembled on the bough,
 And his last pang of life was o'er.

Beneath the aged oaks he sleeps :—
 The angel of his childhood there
 No watch around his tombstone keeps ;
 But, when the evening stars appear,

The woodman, to his cottage bound,
 Close to that grave is wont to tread :
 But his rude footsteps, echoed round,
 Break not the silence of the dead.

RELIGION.

THROUGH shades and solitudes profound
 The fainting traveller wends his way ;
 Bewildering meteors glare around,
 And tempt his wandering feet astray.

Welcome, thrice welcome to his eye
 The sudden moon's inspiring light,
 When forth she sallies through the sky,
 The guardian angel of the night.

Thus mortals blind and weak below
 Pursue the phantom bliss in vain ;
 The world 's a wilderness of wo,
 And life 's a pilgrimage of pain !

Till mild Religion from above
 Descends, a sweet engaging form,
 The messenger of heavenly love,
 The bow of promise 'mid the storm.

Ambition, pride, revenge, depart,
 And folly flies her chastening rod ;
 She makes the humble, contrite heart
 A temple of the living God.

Beyond the narrow vale of time,
 Where bright celestial ages roll,
 To scenes eternal, scenes sublime,
 She points the way, and leads the soul.

At her approach, the grave appears
 The gate of paradise restored ;
 Her voice the watching cherub hears,
 And drops his double flaming sword.

Baptized with her renewing fire,
 May we the crown of glory gain ;
 Rise when the hosts of heaven expire,
 And reign with God, forever reign.

"HE SHALL FLY AWAY AS A DREAM."

I DREAMED :—I saw a rosy child,
 With flaxen ringlets, in a garden playing ;
 Now stooping here, and then afar off straying,
 As flower or butterfly his feet beguiled.

'T was changed : one summer's day I stepped aside,
 To let him pass ; his face had manhood's seeming,
 And that full eye of blue was fondly beaming
 On a fair maiden, whom he call'd his bride.

Once more : 't was evening, and the cheerful fire
 I saw a group of youthful forms surrounding,
 The room with harmless pleasantry resounding ;
 And, in the midst, I mark'd the smiling sire.

The heavens were clouded—and I heard the tone
 Of a slow-moving bell : the white-hair'd man had
 gone.

THE HARP OF JUDAH.

SWEET harp of Judah ! shall thy sound
 No more be heard on earthly ground,
 Nor mortal raise the lay again,
 That rung through Judah's sainted reign ?

No—for to higher worlds belong
 The wonders of thy sacred song ;
 Thy prophet-bards might sweep thy chords,
 Thy glorious burden was the Lord's.

Thy lay, descending from above,
 Full fraught with justice, truth, and love ;
 His Spirit breathed and mingled there
 As much of heaven as earth could bear.

Kind was its tone—its warning plain ;
 But rebel Israel scorn'd the strain ;
 Proud, careless, unabash'd, they trod,
 Nor own'd the voice of Zion's God.

Then fell at length his vengeful stroke ;
 The necks that scorn'd to bend he broke ;
 The shrine his hand had guarded well,
 Himself destroy'd—and Zion fell.

Final and unretrieved her fall :
 The heathen ploughshare razed her wall,
 And o'er the race of Judah's kings
 Rome's slaughtering eagle clapp'd her wings.

Yet, harp of Judah ! rung thy strain,
 And woke thy glories not in vain ;
 Yet, though in dust thy frame be hurl'd,
 Thy spirit rules a wider world.

Though faintly swell thy notes sublime,
 Far distant—down the stream of time ;
 Yet to *our* ears the sounds are given,
 And even thy echo tells of heaven.

Through worlds remote—the old—the new ;
 Through realms nor Rome nor Israel knew ;
 The Christian hears—and by thy tone,
 Sweet harp of Judah ! tunes his own.

“WE WEPT WHEN WE REMEMBERED
ZION.”

OH! weep for those that wept by Babel's stream,
Whose shrines are desolate, whose land a dream;
Weep for the harp of Judah's broken shell;
Mourn—where their God hath dwelt, the godless
 dwell.

And where shall Israel lave her bleeding feet?
And where shall Zion's songs again seem sweet?
And Judah's melody once more rejoice
The hearts that leap'd before its heavenly voice?

Tribes of the wandering foot and weary breast,
How shall ye flee away and be at rest?
The wild dove hath her nest, the fox his cave,
Mankind their country—Israel but the grave!

SABBATH MORNING.

DEAR is the hallow'd morn to me,
 When village bells awake the day,
And, by their sacred minstrelsy,
 Call me from earthly cares away.

And dear to me the winged hour,
 Spent in thy hallow'd courts, O Lord!
To feel devotion's soothing power,
 And catch the manna of thy word.

And dear to me the loud Amen,
Which echoes through the blest abode,
Which swells and sinks, and swells again,
Dies on the walls, but lives to God.

And dear the rustic harmony,
Sung with the pomp of village art ;
That holy, heavenly melody,
The music of a thankful heart.

In secret I have often pray'd,
And still the anxious tear would fall ;
But, on thy sacred altar laid,
The fire descends, and dries them all.

Oft when the world, with iron hands,
Has bound me in its six days' chain,
This bursts them, like the strong man's bands,
And lets my spirit loose again.

Then dear to me the Sabbath morn ;
The village bells, the shepherd's voice ;
These oft have found my heart forlorn,
And always bid that heart rejoice.

Go, man of pleasure, strike thy lyre,
Of broken Sabbaths sing the charms ;
Ours be the prophet's car of fire,
That bears us to a Father's arms.

SABBATH EVENING.

Is there a time when moments flow
More lovelily than all beside ?

It is, of all the times below,
A Sabbath eve in summer tide.

O ! then the setting sun smiles fair,
And all below, and all above,
The different forms of nature wear
One universal garb of love.

And then the peace that Jesus beams,
The life of grace, the death of sin,
With nature's placid woods and streams,
Is peace without, and peace within.

Delightful scene ! a world at rest,
A God all love, no grief nor fear,
A heavenly hope, a peaceful breast,
A smile unsullied by a tear.

If heaven be ever felt below,
A scene so heavenly, sure, as this
May cause a heart on earth to know
Some foretaste of celestial bliss.

Delightful hour ! how soon will night
Spread her dark mantle o'er thy reign ;
And morrow's quick returning light
Must call us to the world again.

Yet will there dawn at last a day,
A SUN that never sets shall rise ;
Night will not veil his ceaseless ray,
The heavenly Sabbath never dies !

GOD OUR FATHER.

Is there a lone and dreary hour
 When worldly pleasures lose their power ?
 My Father ! let me turn to thee,
 And set each thought of darkness free.

Is there a time of racking grief,
 Which scorns the prospect of relief ?
 My Father ! break the cheerless gloom,
 And bid my heart its calm resume.

Is there an hour of peace and joy,
 When hope is all my soul's employ ?
 My Father ! still my hopes will roam,
 Until they rest with thee, their home.

The noontide blaze, the midnight scene,
 The dawn or twilight's sweet serene,
 The sick, nay, e'en the 'dying hour,
 Shall own my Father's grace and power.

PROVIDENCE.

God moves in a mysterious way,
 His wonders to perform ;
 He plants his footsteps in the sea,
 And rides upon the storm.

Deep in unfathomable mines
 Of never-failing skill,

He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sovereign will.

Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take ;
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense
But trust him for his grace ;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour ;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain ;
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

DEATH OF A BELIEVER.

O THINK that, while you 're weeping here,
His hand a golden harp is stringing ;
And, with a voice serene and clear,
His ransom'd soul, without a tear,
His Savior's praise is singing !

And think that all his pains are fled,
His toils and sorrows closed forever ;

While He, whose blood for man was shed,
Has placed upon his servant's head
A crown that fadeth never !

And think that, (in that awful day,
When darkness sun and moon is shading,)
The form that, 'midst its kindred clay,
Your trembling hands prepare to lay,
Shall rise to life unfading !

Then weep no more for him, who's gone
Where sin and suffering ne'er shall enter ;
But on that great High Priest alone,
Who can for guilt like ours atone,
Your own affections centre !

For thus, when round your lowly bier
Surviving friends are sadly bending,
Your souls, like his, to Jesus dear,
Shall wing their flight to yonder sphere,
Faith lightest pinions lending.

And thus, when to the silent tomb
Your lifeless dust like his is given,
Like faith shall whisper, 'midst the gloom,
That yet again, in youthful bloom,
That dust shall smile in heaven !

THE WORLD WE HAVE NOT SEEN.

THERE is a world we have not seen,
That time shall never dare destroy,

Where mortal footstep hath not been,
Nor ear hath caught its sounds of joy.

There is a region, lovelier far
Than sages tell or poets sing,
Brighter than summer beauties are,
And softer than the tints of spring.

There is a world,—and O how blest!—
Fairer than prophets ever told;
And never did an angel guest
One half its blessedness unfold.

It is all holy and serene,
The land of glory and repose;
And there, to dim the radiant scene,
The tear of sorrow never flows.

It is not fann'd by summer gale;
'T is not refresh'd by vernal showers;
It never needs the moonbeam pale,
For there are known no evening hours.

No: for this world is ever bright
With a pure radiance all its own;
The streams of uncreated light
Flow round it from the Eternal Thron

There, forms that mortals may not see,
Too glorious for the eye to trace,
And clad in peerless majesty,
Move with unutterable grace.

In vain the philosophic eye
May seek to view the fair abode,
Or find it in the curtain'd sky:—
It is THE DWELLING-PLACE OF GOD.

THE BETTER LAND.

"I HEAR thee speak of the better land ;
 Thou call'st its children a happy band ;
 Mother ! oh, where is that radiant shore ?—
 Shall we not seek it, and weep no more ?—
 Is it where the flower of the orange blows,
 And the fire-flies dance through the myrtle boughs ?"
 —"Not there, not there, my child !"

"Is it where the feathery palm-trees rise,
 And the date grows ripe under sunny skies ?—
 Or 'midst the green islands of glittering seas,
 Where fragrant forests perfume the breeze,
 And strange bright birds, on their starry wings,
 Bear the rich hues of all glorious things ?"
 —"Not there, not there, my child !"

"Is it far away, in some region old,
 Where the rivers wander o'er sands of gold,
 Where the burning rays of the ruby shine,
 And the diamond lights up the secret mine,
 And the pearl gleams forth from the coral strand ?
 Is it there, sweet mother ! that better land ?"
 —"Not there, not there, my child !"

"Eye hath not seen it, my gentle boy !
 Ear hath not heard its deep sounds of joy ;
 Dreams cannot picture a world so fair ;
 Sorrow and death may not enter there ;
 Time doth not breathe on its fadeless bloom ;
 Beyond the clouds, and beyond the tomb ;
 —It is there, it is there, my child !"

THE GRAVE TO THE BELIEVER A PLACE OF REST.

Few are thy days, and full of wo,
 O man of woman born !
 Thy doom is written, "Dust thou art,
 And shalt to dust return."

Behold the emblem of thy state
 In flowers that bloom and die ;
 Or in the shadow's fleeting form,
 That mocks the gazer's eye.

Guilty and frail, how shalt thou stand
 Before thy sovereign Lord ?
 Can troubled and polluted springs
 A hallow'd stream afford ?

Determined are the days that fly
 Successive o'er thy head ;
 The number'd hour is on the wing
 That lays thee with the dead.

Great God ! afflict not, in thy wrath,
 The short allotted span
 That bounds the few and weary days
 Of pilgrimage to man.

All nature dies, and lives again :
 The flower that paints the field,
 The trees that crown the mountain's brow,
 And boughs and blossoms yield,

Resign the honors of their form
 At winter's stormy blast,
 And leave the naked leafless plain
 A desolated waste.

Yet soon reviving plants and flowers
 Anew shall deck the plain;
 The woods shall hear the voice of spring,
 And flourish green again.

But man forsakes this earthly scene,
 Ah! never to return;
 Shall any following spring revive
 The ashes of the urn?

The mighty flood, that rolls along
 Its torrents to the main,
 Can ne'er recall its waters lost
 From that abyss again.

So days, and years, and ages past,
 Descending down to night,
 Can henceforth never more return
 Back to the gates of light:

And man, laid in his lonesome grave,
 Shall sleep in death's dark gloom,
 Until the eternal morning wake
 The slumbers of the tomb.

O may the grave become to me
 The bed of peaceful rest,
 Whence I shall gladly rise at length,
 And mingle with the bless'd!

Cheer'd by this hope, with patient mind,
 I'll wait Heaven's high decree,
 Till the appointed period come,
 When death shall set me free.

THE OLD MAN'S FUNERAL.

I SAW an aged man upon his bier :

His hair was thin and white, and on his brow
 A record of the cares of many a year ;—

Cares that were ended and forgotten now.

And there was sadness round, and faces bow'd,
 And women's tears fell fast, and children wail'd aloud.

Then rose another hoary man, and said,

In faltering accents, to that weeping train,

“ Why mourn ye that our aged friend is dead ?

Ye are not sad to see the gathered grain,

Nor when their mellow fruit the orchards cast,

Nor when the yellow woods shake down the ripen'd
 mast.

“ Ye sigh not when the sun, his course fulfill'd,—

His glorious course, rejoicing earth and sky,—

In the soft evening, when the winds are still'd,

Sinks where the islands of refreshment lie,

And leaves the smile of his departure, spread

O'er the warm-color'd heaven and ruddy mountain
 head.

“ Why weep ye then for him, who, having run

The bound of man's appointed years, at last,

Life's blessings all enjoy'd, life's labors done,
 Serenely to his final rest has pass'd ?
 While the soft memory of his virtues yet
 Lingers, like twilight hues, when the bright sun is set.

“ His youth was innocent ; his riper age
 Mark'd with some acts of goodness every day ;
 And, watch'd by eyes that loved him, calm and sage
 Faded his late-declining years away.
 Cheerful he gave his being up, and went
 To share the holy rest that waits a life well spent.

“ That life was happy ; every day, he gave
 Thanks for the fair existence that was his ;
 For a sick fancy made him not her slave,
 To mock him with her phantom miseries.
 No chronic* tortures rack'd his aged limb,
 For luxury and sloth had nourish'd none for him.

“ And I am glad that he has lived thus long,
 And glad that he has gone to his reward ;
 Nor deem that kindly nature did him wrong,
 Softly to disengage the vital cord.
 When his weak hand grew palsied, and his eye
 Dark with the mists of age, it was his time to die.”

* A chronic disease is one of long duration.

MIDNIGHT MEDITATION.

WHEN restless on my bed I lie,
Still courting sleep, which still will fly,
Then shall reflection's brighter power
Illume the lone and midnight hour.

If hush'd the breeze, and calm the tide,
Soft will the stream of memory glide,
And all the past, a gentle train,
Waked by remembrance, live again.

Perhaps that anxious friend I trace,
Beloved till life's last throb shall cease,
Whose voice first taught a Savior's worth,
A future bliss unknown on earth.

His faithful counsel, tender care,
Unwearied love, and humble prayer ;—
O these still claim the grateful tear,
And all my drooping courage cheer.

If loud the wind, the tempest high,
And darkness wraps the sullen sky,
I muse on life's tempestuous sea,
And sigh, O Lord, to come to thee.

Toss'd on the deep and swelling wave,
O mark my trembling soul and save ;
Give to my view that harbor near,
Where thou wilt chase each grief and fear.

SUNDAY EVENING.

How shall I praise thee, Lord of light ?
 How shall I all thy love declare ?
 The earth is veil'd in shades of night ;
 But heaven is open to my prayer ;—
 That heaven, so bright with stars and suns ;
 That glorious heaven which knows no bound ;
 Where the full tide of being runs,
 And life and beauty glow around.
 From thence,—thy seat of light divine,
 Circled by thousand streams of bliss,
 Which calmly flow and brightly shine,—
 Say, to a world so mean as this,
 Canst thou direct thy pitying eye ?
 How shall my thoughts expression find,
 All lost in thy immensity !
 How shall I seek, thou infinite Mind,
 Thy holy presence, God sublime !
 Whose power and wisdom, love and grace,
 Are greater than the round of time,
 And wider than the bounds of space !

Gently the shades of night descend ;
 Thy temple, Lord, is calm and still ;
 A thousand lamps of ether blend,
 A thousand fires that temple fill,
 To honor thee. 'T is bright and fair,
 As if the very heavens, impress'd
 With thy pure image smiling there,
 In all their loveliest robes were dress'd.

Yet thou canst turn thy friendly eye
 From that immeasurable throne ;
 Thou, smiling on humanity,
 Dost claim earth's children for thy own,
 And gently, kindly, lead them through
 Life's varied scenes of joy and gloom,
 Till evening's pale and pearly dew
 Tips the green sod that decks their tomb.

THE EVENING CLOUD.

A CLOUD lay cradled near the setting sun,
 A gleam of crimson tinged its braided snow,
 Long had I watch'd the glory moving on,
 O'er the still radiance of the lake below :
 Tranquil its spirit seem'd, and floated slow,
 E'en in its very motion there was rest,
 While every breath of eve that chanced to blow
 Wafted the traveller to the beauteous west.
 Emblem, methought, of the departed soul,
 To whose white robe the gleam of bliss is given,
 And by the breath of mercy made to roll
 Right onward to the golden gates of heaven ;
 Where to the eye of faith it peaceful lies,
 And tells to man his glorious destinies.

THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM.

BRIGHTER than the rising day,
 When the sun of glory shines ;
 Brighter than the diamond's ray,
 Sparkling in Golconda's mines ;
 Beaming through the clouds of wo,
 Smiles in Mercy's diadem
 On the guilty world below,
 The Star that rose in Bethlehem.

When our eyes are dimm'd with tears,
 This can light them up again,
 Sweet as music to our ears,
 Faintly warbling o'er the plain.
 Never shines a ray so bright
 From the purest earthly gem ;
 O ! there is no soothing light
 Like the Star of Bethlehem.

Grief's dark clouds may o'er us roll,
 Every heart may sink in wo,
 Gloomy conscience rack the soul,
 And sorrow's tears in torrents flow ;
 Still, through all these clouds and storms,
 Shines this purest heavenly gem,
 With a ray that kindly warms—
 The Star that rose in Bethlehem.

When we cross the roaring wave
 That rolls on life's remotest shore ;

When we look into the grave,
And wander through this world no more;
This, the lamp whose genial ray,
Like some brightly-glowing gem,
Points to man his darkling way—
The Star that rose in Bethlehem.

Let the world be sunk in sorrow,
Not an eye be charm'd or bless'd;
We can see a fair to-morrow
Smiling in the rosy west;
This, her beacon, Hope displays;
For, in Mercy's diadem,
Shines, with Faith's serenest rays,
The Star that rose in Bethlehem.

When this gloomy life is o'er,
When we smile in bliss above,
When, on that delightful shore,
We enjoy the heaven of love,—
O! what dazzling light shall shine
Round salvation's purest gem!
O! what rays of love divine
Gild the Star of Bethlehem!

THE YOUNG HERDSMAN.

FROM early childhood, even, as hath been said,
 From his sixth year, he had been sent abroad
 In summer to tend herds ; such was his task
 Thenceforward till the latter day of youth.
 O then what soul was his, when, on the tops
 Of the high mountains, he beheld the sun
 Rise up, and bathe the world in light ! He looked—
 Ocean and earth, the solid frame of earth
 And ocean's liquid mass, beneath him lay
 In gladness and deep joy. The clouds were touch'd,
 And in their silent faces did he read
 Unutterable love. Sound needed none,
 Nor any voice of joy ; his spirit drank
 The spectacle ; sensation, soul, and form,
 All melted into him ; they swallowed up
 His animal being ; in them did he live,
 And by them did he live ; they were his life.
 In such access of mind, in such high hour
 Of visitation from the living God,
 Thought was not ; in enjoyment it expired ;
 No thanks he breathed, he proffered no request ;
 Rapt into still communion that transcends
 The imperfect offices of prayer and praise,
 His mind was a thanksgiving to the power
 That made him ; it was blessedness and love !

A Herdsman, on the lowly mountain tops
 Such intercourse was his ; and in this sort
 Was his existence oftentimes *possessed*.

Oh, then, how beautiful, how bright appear'd
 The written promise ! He had early learn'd
 To reverence the Volume which displays
 The mystery, the life that cannot die :
 But in the mountains did he *feel* his faith ;
 There did he see the writing—all things there
 Breathed immortality, revolving life,
 And greatness still revolving ;—infinite !
 There littleness was not ;—the least of things
 Seemed infinite ; and there his spirit shaped
 Her prospects ; nor did he believe,—he *saw*.
 What wonder if his being thus became
 Sublime and comprehensive ! low desires,
 Low thoughts had there no place ; yet was his heart
 Lowly ; for he was meek in gratitude,
 Oft as he called those ecstasies of mind,
 And whence they flowed ; and from them he acquired
 Wisdom which works through patience ; thence he
 learn'd,
 In many a calmer hour of sober thought,
 To look on nature with an humbler heart,
 Self-question'd where he did not understand,
 And with a reverential eye of love.

THE PARTING SPIRIT.

FAREWELL, thou vase of splendor,
 I need thy light no more ;
 No brilliance dost thou render
 The world to which I soar.

Nor sun nor moonbeam brightens
 Those regions with a ray,
 But God himself enlightens
 Their one eternal day.

Farewell, sweet nature ! waving
 With fruits and flowerets fair ;
 Of these but little craving
 Of what thou well canst spare,—

Only an earthly pillow,
 To bear my death-cold head ;
 And the turf and drooping willow,
 To deck my lowly bed.

The world to which I 'm going
 Has fairer fruit than thine,
 Life's rivers ever flowing,
 And skies that ever shine.

Farewell, each dearest union,
 That bless'd my earthly hours ;
 We yet shall hold communion
 In amaranthine bowers.

The love that seems forsaken,
 When friends in death depart,

In heaven again shall waken,
And repossess the heart.

The harps of heaven steal o'er me,
I see the jasper wall,—
Jesus, who pass'd before me,
And God, the Judge of all !

So sang the parting spirit,
While round flow'd many a tear,
Then spread her wings, to inherit
Her throne in yonder sphere.

THE SILENT EXPRESSION OF NATURE.

"There is no speech nor language—their voice is not heard."

PSALM xix. 3.

WHEN, thoughtful, to the vault of heaven
I lift my wondering eyes,
And see the clear and quiet even
To night resign the skies,—
The moon, in silence, rear her crest,
The stars, in silence, shine,—
A secret rapture fills my breast,
That speaks its birth divine.

Unheard, the dews around me fall,
And heavenly influence shed,
And, silent on this earthly ball,
Celestial footsteps tread.
Aerial music wakes the spheres,
Touch'd by harmonious powers :

With sounds unheard by mortal ears,
They charm the lingering hours.

Night reigns, in silence, o'er the pole,
And spreads her gems unheard ;
Her lessons penetrate the soul,
Yet borrow not a word.
Noiseless the sun emits his fire,
And pours his golden streams ;
And silently the shades retire
Before his rising beams.

The hand that moves, and regulates,
And guides the vast machine,—
That governs wills, and times, and fates,
Retires, and works unseen.
Angelic visitants forsake
Their amaranthine bowers ;
On silent wing their station take,
And watch the allotted hours.

Sick of the vanity of man,—
His noise, and pomp, and show,—
I'll move upon great Nature's plan,
And, silent, work below.
With inward harmony of soul,
I'll wait the upper sphere ;
Shining, I'll mount above the pole,
And break my silence there.

LIFE AND DEATH.

O FEAR not thou to die !

But rather fear to live ; for life
Has thousand snares thy feet to try,
By peril, pain, and strife.

Brief is the work of death ;

But life !—the spirit shrinks to see
How full, ere Heaven recalls the breath,
The cup of wo may be.

O fear not thou to die !

No more to suffer or to sin ;
No snares without, thy faith to try,
No traitor heart within :

But fear, O ! rather fear,

The gay, the light, the changeful scene,
The flattering smiles that greet thee here,
From heaven thy heart to wean.

Fear, lest, in evil hour,—

Thy pure and holy hope o'ercome
By clouds that in the horizon lower,—

Thy spirit feel that gloom,
Which, over earth and heaven,

The covering throws of fell despair ;
And deems itself the unforgiven,
Predestined child of care.

O fear not thou to die !

To die, and be that blessed one,
Who, in the bright and beauteous sky,
May feel his conflict done—

May feel that never more

The tear of grief or shame shall come,
For thousand wanderings from the Power
Who loved and call'd him home !

THE SONG OF SAUL BEFORE HIS LAST BATTLE.

WARRIORS and Chiefs ! should the shaft or the sword
Pierce me in leading the hosts of the Lord,
Heed not the corse, though a king's in your path,
Bury your steel in the bosoms of Gath !

Thou who art bearing my buckler and bow,
Should the soldiers of Saul turn away from the foe,
Stretch me that moment in blood at thy feet !
Mine be the doom which they dared not to meet !

Farewell to others ! but never we part,
Heir to my royalty ! son of my heart !
Bright is the diadem, boundless the sway,
Or kingly the death which awaits us to-day !

THE DESTRUCTION OF SENNACHERIB.

THE Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold,
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold ;
And the sheen of their spears was like stars in the sea
When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.

Like the leaves of the forest when summer is green,
That host with their banners at sunset was seen ;
Like the leaves of the forest when autumn hath blown,
That host on the morrow lay wither'd and strown.

For the Angel of Death spread his wings on the blast,
And breathed on the face of the foe as he past ;
And the eyes of the sleepers wax'd deadly and chill,
And their hearts but once heaved, and forever grew
still !

And there lay the steed with his nostril all wide,
But through it there roll'd not the breath of his pride ;
And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf,
And cold as the spray of the rock-beating surf.

And there lay the rider distorted and pale,
With the dew on his brow, and the rust on his mail ;
And the tents were all silent, the banners alone.
The lances unlifted, the trumpet unblown.

And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail,
And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal,
And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the sword,
Hath melted like snow at the glance of the Lord !

THE HAVEN.

WHEN the dangerous rocks are pass'd,—
When the threatening tempests cease,—
O ! how sweet to rest at last
In a silent port of peace !

Though that port may be unknown,
Though no chart its name may bear,
Brightly beams its light on *one*,
Bless'd to find his refuge there.

Life ! thou art the storm—the rock ;
Death ! the friendly port thou art ;—
Haven from the tempest's shock,
Welcoming the wanderer's heart.

Yes, I see from yonder tomb
Promised peace and tranquil rest :
Death ! my haven ! I shall come ;
Soothe me on my mother's breast !

GRAVE OF A CHRISTIAN.

THERE is a spot—a lovely spot,
 Embosom'd in a valley's dell ;
 The eye of splendor marks it not,
 Nor travellers of its beauties tell.

The hazel forms a green bower there ;
 Beneath, the grassy covering lies ;
 And forest flowers, surpassing fair,
 Mingle their soft and lovely dyes.

Morn decks the spot with many a gem,
 And the first break of eastern ray
 Lights up a spark in each of them
 That seems to hail the opening day.

When first that beam of morning breaks,
 The fancy here a smile may see,
 Like that when first the saint awakes
 At dawn of immortality.

The free birds love to seek the shade,
 And here they sing their sweetest lays ;
 Meet requiem !—He who there is laid
 Breathed his last dying voice in praise.

And here the villager will stray,
 What time his daily work is done,
 When evening sheds the western ray
 Of sweet departing summer sun.

On lovely lips his name is found,
 And simple hearts yet hold him dear ;
 The Patriarch of the village round,—
 The Pastor of the chapel near.

The holy cautions that he gave,—
 The prayers he breathed,—the tears he wept,—
 Yet linger here, though in his grave
 Through many a year the saint has slept.

And oft the villager has said,—
 “ O, I remember, when a child,
 He placed his hand upon my head,
 And bless'd me then, and sweetly smiled.

“ 'T was he that led me to my God,
 And taught me to obey his will :
 The holy path which he has trod,
 O ! be it mine to follow still.”

GRAVE OF THE RIGHTEOUS ! surely there
 The sweetest bloom of beauty is :
 O may I sleep in couch as fair,
 And with a hope as bright as his !

THE HERMIT.

At the close of the day, when the hamlet is still,
 And mortals the sweets of forgetfulness prove ;
 When nought but the torrent is heard on the hill,
 And nought but the nightingale's song in the
 grove ;—

'T was then, by the cave of the mountain afar,
 While his harp rung symphonious, a hermit
 began ;—

No more with himself or with nature at war,
 He thought as a sage, while he felt as a man :—

“ Ah, why thus abandon'd to darkness and wo,
 Why, lone Philomela, that languishing fall ?

For spring shall return, and a lover bestow,
 And sorrow no longer thy bosom enthrall.

But, if pity inspire thee, renew thy sad lay :

Mourn, sweetest complainer, man calls thee to
 mourn :

O soothe him, whose pleasures, like thine, pass away—
 Full quickly they pass—but they never return.

“ Now, gliding remote, on the verge of the sky,
 The moon, half extinguish'd, her crescent displays :

But lately I mark'd, when, majestic on high,

She shone, and the planets were lost in her blaze.

Roll on, thou fair orb, and with gladness pursue

The path that conducts thee to splendor again :

But man's faded glory no change shall renew !

Ah fool ! to exult in a glory so vain !

" 'T is night, and the landscape is lovely no more ;
 I mourn, but, ye woodlands, I mourn not for you ;
 For morn is approaching, your charms to restore,
 Perfumed with fresh fragrance, and glittering with
 dew.

Nor yet for the ravage of winter I mourn :
 Kind nature the embryo blossom will save :
 But when shall spring visit the mouldering urn !
 O when shall it dawn on the night of the grave !"

'T was thus, by the glare of false science betray'd,
 That leads to bewilder, and dazzles to blind,
 My thoughts wont to roam, from shade onward to
 shade,

Destruction before me and sorrow behind :
 " O pity, great Father of light," then I cried,
 " Thy creature, who fain would not wander from
 thee !

Lo, humbled in dust, I relinquish my pride ;
 From doubt and from darkness thou only canst
 free."

And darkness and doubt are now flying away,—
 No longer I roam in conjecture forlorn ;
 So breaks on the traveller, faint and astray,
 The bright and the balmy effulgence of morn.
 See Truth, Love, and Mercy, in triumph descending,
 And nature all glowing in Eden's first bloom !
 On the cold cheek of Death smiles and roses are
 blending,
 And Beauty immortal awakes from the tomb.

THE MILLENNIUM.

BUT who shall see the glorious day,
 When, throned on Zion's brow,
 The Lord shall rend that veil away
 Which blinds the nations now?
 When earth no more beneath the fear
 Of his rebuke shall lie;
 When pain shall cease, and every tear
 Be wiped from every eye?

Then, Judah! thou no more shalt mourn
 Beneath the heathen's chain;
 Thy days of splendor shall return,
 And all be new again.
 The fount of life shall then be quaff'd
 In peace by all who come,
 And every wind that blows shall waft
 Some long-lost exile home.

HYMN TO THE STARS.

AY, there ye shine, and there have shone,
 In one eternal "hour of prime,"
 Each rolling burningly, alone,
 Through boundless space and countless time.
 Ay, there ye shine! the golden dews
 That pave the realms by seraphs trod;
 There, through yon echoing vault, diffuse
 The song of choral worlds to God.

Ye visible spirits ! bright as erst
 Young Eden's birthnight saw ye shine
 On all her flowers and fountains first,
 Yet sparkling from the hand divine ;
 Yes, bright as then ye smiled, to catch
 The music of a sphere so fair,
 Ye hold your high, immortal watch,
 And gird your God's pavilion there.

Gold frets to dust,—yet there ye are ;
 Time rots the diamond,—there ye roll
 In primal light, as if each star
 Enshrined an everlasting soul !
 And does it not—since your bright throngs
 One all-enlightening Spirit own,
 Praised there by pure, sidereal tongues,
 Eternal, glorious, blest, alone ?

Could man but see what ye have seen,
 Unfold awhile the shrouded past,
 From all that is, to what has been,
 The glance how rich ! the range how vast !
 The birth of time, the rise, the fall
 Of empires, myriads, ages flown,
 Thrones, cities, tongues, arts, worships,—all
 The things whose echoes are not gone.

Ye saw rapt Zoroaster send
 His soul into your mystic reign ;
 Ye saw the adoring Sabian bend—
 The living hills his mighty fane !
 Beneath his blue and beaming sky,
 He worshipped at your lofty shrine,
 And deemed he saw, with gifted eye,
 The Godhead in his works divine.

And there ye shine, as if to mock
 The children of a mortal sire.
 The storm, the bolt, the earthquake's shock,
 The red volcano's cataract fire,
 Drought, famine, plague, and blood, and flame,
 All nature's ills,—and life's worse woes,—
 Are nought to you : ye smile the same,
 And scorn alike their dawn and close.

Ay, there ye roll—emblems sublime
 Of Him, whose spirit o'er us moves,
 Beyond the clouds of grief and crime,
 Still shining on the world he loves :—
 Nor is one scene to mortals given,
 That more divides the soul and sod,
 Than yon proud heraldry of heaven—
 Yon burning blazonry of God !

HYMN FROM PSALM CXLVIII.

BEGIN, my soul, the exalted lay !
 Let each enraptured thought obey,
 And praise the Almighty's name.
 Lo ! heaven, and earth, and seas, and skies,
 In one melodious concert rise,
 To swell the inspiring theme.

Ye fields of light, celestial plains,
 Where gay transporting beauty reigns,
 Ye scenes divinely fair !

Your Maker's wondrous power proclaim !
 Tell how he form'd your shining frame,
 And breathed the fluid air.

Ye angels, catch the thrilling sound !
 While all the adoring throngs around
 His boundless mercy sing :
 Let every listening saint above
 Wake all the tuneful soul of love,
 And touch the sweetest string.

Join, ye loud spheres, the vocal choir ;
 Thou dazzling orb of liquid fire,
 The mighty chorus aid :
 Soon as gray evening gilds the plain,
 Thou moon, protract the melting strain,
 And praise him in the shade.

Thou heaven of heavens, his vast abode,
 Ye clouds, proclaim your forming God,
 Who call'd yon worlds from night :
 " Ye shades, dispel !" — the Eternal said ;
 At once the involving darkness fled,
 And nature sprung to light.

Whate'er a blooming world contains,
 That wings the air, that skims the plains,
 United praise bestow ;
 Ye dragons, sound his awful name
 To heaven aloud ; and roar acclaim,
 Ye swelling deeps below.

Let every element rejoice :
 Ye thunders, burst with awful voice
 To him who bids you roll ;

His praise in softer notes declare,
 Each whispering breeze of yielding air,
 And breathe it to the soul.

To him, ye graceful cedars, bow ;
 Ye towering mountains, bending low,
 Your great Creator own ;
 Tell, when affrighted nature shook,
 How Sinai kindled at his look,
 And trembled at his frown:

Ye flocks, that haunt the humble vale,
 Ye insects, fluttering on the gale,
 In mutual concourse rise ;
 Crop the gay rose's vermeil bloom,
 And waft its spoils, a sweet perfume,
 In incense to the skies.

Wake, all ye mounting tribes, and sing ;
 Ye blooming warblers of the spring,
 Harmonious anthems raise
 To him who shaped your finer mould,
 Who tipp'd your glittering wings with gold,
 And tuned your voice to praise.

Let man, by nobler passions sway'd,
 The feeling heart, the judging head,
 In heavenly praise employ ;
 Spread the Creator's name around,
 Till heaven's broad arch rings back the sound,
 The general burst of joy.

Ye, whom the charms of grandeur please,
 Nursed on the downy lap of ease,
 Fall prostrate at his throne :

Ye princes, rulers, all adore ;
 Praise him, ye kings, who makes your power
 An image of his own.

Ye fair, by nature form'd to move,
 O praise the eternal Source of Love
 With youth's enlivening fire ;
 Let age take up the tuneful lay,
 Sing his bless'd name—then soar away,
 And ask an angel's lyre.

ADDRESS TO THE STARS.

YE are fair, ye are fair ; and your pensive rays
 Steal down like the light of departed days ;
 But have sin and sorrow ne'er wander'd o'er
 The green abodes of each sunny shore ?
 Hath no frost been there, and no withering blast,
 Cold, cold, o'er the flower and the forest, pass'd ?
 Does the playful leaf never fall nor fade ?
 The rose ne'er droop in the silent shade ?
 Say, comes there no cloud on your morning beam,
 On your night of beauty no troubled dream ?
 Have ye no tear the eye to annoy,
 No grief to shadow its light of joy ?
 No bleeding breasts, that are doom'd to part,
 No blighted bower, and no broken heart ?
 Hath death ne'er sadden'd your scenes of bloom ?
 Have your suns ne'er shone on the silent tomb ?
 Did their sportive radiance never fall

On the cypress tree or the ruin'd wall?—
 'T were vain to guess; for no eye hath seen
 O'er the gulf eternally fix'd between.
 We hear not the song of your early hours;
 We hear not the hymn of your evening bowers.
 The strains that gladden each radiant sphere
 Ne'er pour'd their sweets on a mortal ear;
 Though such I could deem, on the evening's sigh,
 The air-harp's unearthly melody!

Farewell, farewell! I go to my rest;
 For the shades are passing into the west,
 And the beacon pales on its lonely height.
 Isles of the bless'd, good night, good night!

DESTRUCTION OF JERUSALEM.

FALLEN is thy throne, O Israel!—
 Silence is on all thy plains,—
 Thy dwellings all lie desolate,—
 Thy children weep in chains.
 Where are the dews that fed thee
 On Etham's barren shore?
 That fire from heaven that led thee
 Now lights thy path no more!

Lord, thou didst love Jerusalem!
 Once she was all thy own!
 Her love thy fairest heritage,
 Her power thy glory's throne;

Till evil came and blighted
 Thy long-loved olive tree,
 And Salem's shrines were lighted
 For other gods than thee.

Then sunk the star of Solyma,
 Then pass'd her glory's day,
 Like heath that in the wilderness
 The wild wind whirls away.
 Silent and waste her bowers,
 Where once the mighty trod ;
 And sunk those guilty towers,
 Where Baal reign'd as God.

"Go," said the Lord, "ye conquerors !
 Steep in her blood your swords ;
 And raze to earth her battlements,
 For they are not the Lord's.
 Tell Zion's mournful daughter,
 O'er kindred bones she 'll tread ;
 And Hinnom's vale of slaughter
 Shall hide but half her dead."

But soon shall other pictured scenes
 In brighter vision rise,
 When Zion's sun shall sevenfold shine
 On all her mourners' eyes,
 And on her mountains beauteous stand
 The messengers of peace :
 "Salvation by the Lord's right hand !"
 They shout, and never cease.

SONG OF THE STARS.

WHEN the radiant morn of creation broke,
 And the world in the smile of God awoke,
 And the empty realms of darkness and death
 Were moved through their depths by his mighty
 breath,
 And orbs of beauty, and spheres of flame,
 From the void abyss, by myriads came,
 In the joy of youth, as they darted away,
 Through the widening wastes of space to play,
 Their silver voices in chorus rung;
 And this was the song the bright ones sung :—

“Away, away! through the wide, wide sky,—
 The fair blue fields that before us lie,—
 Each sun, with the worlds that round us roll,
 Each planet, poised on her turning pole,
 With her isles of green, and her clouds of white,
 And her waters that lie like fluid light.

“For the Source of glory uncovers his face,
 And the brightness o’erflows unbounded space;
 And we drink, as we go, the luminous tides
 In our ruddy air and our blooming sides.
 Lo, yonder the living splendors play:
 Away, on our joyous path away!

“Look, look, through our glittering ranks afar,
 In the infinite azure, star after star,
 How they brighten and bloom as they swiftly pass!
 How the verdure runs o’er each rolling mass!

And the path of the gentle winds is seen,
Where the small waves dance, and the young woods
lean.

“And see where the brighter day-beams pour,
How the rainbows hang in the sunny shower;
And the morn and the eve, with their pomp of hues,
Shift o’er the bright planets, and shed their dews;
And, ’twixt them both, o’er the teeming ground,
With her shadowy cone, the night goes round!

“Away, away!—in our blossoming bowers,
In the soft air, wrapping these spheres of ours,
In the seas and fountains that shine with morn,
See, love is brooding, and life is born,
And breathing myriads are breaking from night,
To rejoice, like us, in motion and light.

“Glide on in your beauty, ye youthful spheres,
To weave the dance that measures the years.
Glide on, in the glory and gladness sent
To the farthest wall of the firmament,—
The boundless visible smile of Him,
To the veil of whose brow our lamps are dim.”

“—THAT YE, THROUGH HIS POVERTY,
MIGHT BE RICH.”

Low in the dim and sultry west
Is the fierce sun of Syria's sky ;
The evening's grateful hour of rest,
Its hour of feast and joy, is nigh.

But he, with thirst and hunger spent,
Lone, by the wayside faintly sinks ;
A lowly hand the cup hath lent,
And from the humble well he drinks.

* * * *

On the dark wave of Galilee
The gloom of twilight gathers fast,
And o'er the waters drearily
Sweeps the bleak evening blast.

The weary bird hath left the air,
And sunk into his shelter'd rest ;
The wandering beast hath sought his lair,
And laid him down to welcome rest.

Still, near the lake, with weary tread,
Lingers a form of human kind ;
And, from his lone, unshelter'd head,
Flows the chill night-damp on the wind.

Why seeks not he a home of rest ?
Why seeks not he the pillow'd bed ?

Beasts have their dens, the bird its nest;—
He hath not where to lay his head!

Such was the lot he freely chose,
To bless, to save the human race;
And through his poverty there flows
A rich, full stream of heavenly grace.

DEATH OF A CHRISTIAN.

THOU art gone to the grave,—but we will not deplore
thee;

Though sorrows and darkness encompass the tomb,
The Savior has pass'd through its portals before thee,
And the lamp of his love is thy guide through the
gloom.

Thou art gone to the grave,—we no longer behold thee,
Nor tread the rough path of the world by thy side;
But the wide arms of mercy are spread to infold thee,
And sinners may hope, since the sinless has died.

Thou art gone to the grave,—and its mansion forsak-
ing,
Perhaps thy tried spirit in doubt linger'd long;
But the sunshine of heaven beam'd bright on thy
waking,
And the song which thou heardest was the seraph-
im's song.

Thou art gone to the grave,—but 't were wrong to
deplore thee,

When God was thy ransom, thy guardian, thy
 guide;
 He gave thee, and took thee, and soon will restore thee,
 Where death hath no sting, since the Savior hath
 died.

THE THUNDER-STORM.

It thunders ! sons of dust, in reverence bow !
 Ancient of Days ! thou speakest from above !
 Thy right hand wields the bolt of terror now ;
 That hand which scatters peace, and joy, and love.
 Almighty ! trembling like a timid child,
 I hear thy awful voice—alarm'd—afraid—
 I see the flashings of thy lightning wild,
 And in the very grave would hide my head.

Lord ! what is man ? up to the sun he flies—
 Or feebly wanders through earth's vale of dust :
There is he lost 'midst heaven's high mysteries,
 And *here* in error and in darkness lost.
 Beneath the storm-clouds, on life's raging sea,
 Like a poor sailor—by the tempest toss'd
 In a frail bark—the sport of destiny,
 He sleeps—and dashes on the rocky coast.

Thou breathest ; and the obedient storm is still :
 Thou speakest ; silent the submissive wave :
 Man's shatter'd ship the rushing waters fill,
 And the hush'd billows roll across his *grave*.

Sourceless and endless God ! compared with Thee,
 Life is a shadowy momentary dream ;
 And time, when view'd through Thy eternity,
 Less than the mote of morning's golden beam.

THE SUMMIT OF MOUNT SINAI.

I SEEK the mountain cleft : alone
 I seem in this sequester'd place :—
 Not so : I meet, unseen, yet known,
 My Maker, face to face.
 My heart perceives his presence nigh,
 And hears his voice proclaim,
 While bright his glory passes by,
 His noblest name.

Love is that name—for “ God is Love.”
 Here, where, unbuilt by mortal hands—
 Mountains below, and heaven above—
 His awful temple stands,
 I worship.—Lord, though I am dust
 And ashes in thy sight,
 Be thou my strength ;—in thee I trust,—
 Be thou my light.

Hither, of old, the Almighty came :
 Clouds were his car, his steeds the wind ;
 Before him went devouring flame,
 And thunder roll'd behind.
 At his approach the mountains reel'd,
 Like vessels, to and fro ;
 Earth, heaving like a sea, reveal'd
 The gulfs below.

Borne through the wilderness in wrath,
 He seem'd, in *power* alone, a God :
 But blessings follow'd in his path,
 For *Mercy* seized his rod.
 He smote the rock, and, as he pass'd,
 Forth gush'd a living stream ;
 The fire, the earthquake, and the blast,
 Fled as a dream.

ETERNAL UNION OF FRIENDS.

If high that world, which lies beyond
 Our own, surviving Love endears ;
 If there the cherish'd heart be fond,
 The eye the same, except in tears—
 How welcome those untrodden spheres !
 How sweet this very hour to die !
 To soar from earth and find all fears
 Lost in thy light—Eternity !

It must be so : 't is not for self
 That we so tremble on the brink ;
 And striving to o'erleap the gulf,
 Yet cling to Being's severing link.
 Oh ! in that future let us think
 To hold each heart the heart that shares,
 With them the immortal waters drink,
 And soul in soul grow deathless theirs.

POWERS OF THE DISEMBODIED SPIRIT.

WHEN coldness wraps this suffering clay,
 Ah, whither strays the immortal mind?
 It cannot die—it cannot stay,
 But leaves its darkened dust behind.
 Then, unembodied, doth it trace
 By steps each planet's heavenly way?
 Or fill at once the realms of space,
 A thing of eyes, that all survey?

Eternal, boundless, undecayed,
 A thought unseen, but seeing all—
 All, all in earth or skies display'd,
 Shall it survey, shall it recall:
 Each fainter trace that memory holds
 So darkly of departed years,
 In one broad glance the soul beholds,
 And all, that was, at once appears.

Before Creation peopled earth,
 Its eye shall roll through chaos back;
 And where the furthest heaven had birth,
 The spirit trace its rising track:
 And where the future mars or makes,
 Its glance dilate o'er all to be,
 While sun is quench'd or system breaks,
 Fix'd in its own eternity.

Above or Love, Hope, Hate, or Fear,
 It lives all passionless and pure:

An age shall fleet like earthly year;
 Its years as moments shall endure.
 Away, away, without a wing,
 O'er all, through all, its thoughts shall fly;
 A nameless and eternal thing,
 Forgetting what it was to die.

THE GRAVE.

THERE is a calm for those who weep;
 A rest for weary pilgrims found:
 They softly lie, and sweetly sleep,
 Low in the ground.

The storm that wrecks the winter sky,
 No more disturbs their deep repose,
 Than summer evening's latest sigh,
 That shuts the rose.

I long to lay this painful head,
 And aching heart, beneath the soil;
 To slumber in that dreamless bed
 From all my toil.

The grave, that never spake before,
 Hath found at length a tongue to chide;
 O listen!—I will speak no more:—
 Be silent, pride!

Art thou a mourner? hast thou known
 The joy of innocent delights,
 Endearing days, for ever flown,
 And tranquil nights?

O live ! and deeply cherish still
 The sweet remembrance of the past ;
 Rely on Heaven's unchanging will
 For peace at last.

Though long of winds and waves the sport,
 Condemn'd in wretchedness to roam ;
 Live ! thou shalt reach a sheltering port,
 A quiet home.

Seek the true treasure, seldom found,
 Of power the fiercest griefs to calm,
 And soothe the bosom's deepest wound
 With heavenly balm.

Whate'er thy lot—where'er thou be—
 Confess thy folly—kiss the rod ;
 And in thy chastening sorrows see
 The hand of God.

A bruised reed he will not break,
 Afflictions all his children feel ;
 He wounds them for his mercy's sake,
 He wounds to heal !

Humbled beneath his mighty hand,
 Prostrate, his providence adore :
 'Tis done ! arise ! *He* bids thee stand,
 To fall no more.

Now, traveller in the vale of tears,
 To realms of everlasting light,
 Through time's dark wilderness of years,
 Pursue thy flight.

There is a calm for those who weep,
 A rest for weary pilgrims found;
 And, while the mouldering ashes sleep
 Low in the ground,

The soul—of origin divine,
 God's glorious image—freed from clay,
 In heaven's eternal sphere shall shine,
 A star of day!

The sun is but a spark of fire,
 A transient meteor in the sky;
 The soul, immortal as its Sire,
 SHALL NEVER DIE!

GOD'S FIRST TEMPLES.—A HYMN.

THE groves were God's first temples. Ere man
 learn'd

To hew the shaft, and lay the architrave,
 And spread the roof above them,—ere he framed
 The lofty vault, to gather and roll back
 The sound of anthems,—in the darkling wood,
 Amidst the cool and silence, he knelt down
 And offer'd to the Mightiest solemn thanks
 And supplication. For his simple heart
 Might not resist the sacred influences,
 That, from the stilly twilight of the place,
 And from the gray old trunks, that, high in heaven,
 Mingled their mossy boughs, and from the sound
 Of the invisible breath, that sway'd at once

All their green tops, stole over him, and bow'd
 His spirit with the thought of boundless Power
 And inaccessible Majesty. Ah, why
 Should we, in the world's riper years, neglect
 God's ancient sanctuaries, and adore
 Only among the crowd, and under roofs
 That our frail hands have raised ! Let me, at least,
 Here, in the shadow of this aged wood,
 Offer one hymn ; thrice happy, if it find
 Acceptance in his ear.

Father, thy hand

Hath rear'd these venerable columns ; thou
 Didst weave this verdant roof. Thou didst look down
 Upon the naked earth, and, forthwith, rose
 All these fair ranks of trees. They, in thy sun,
 Budded, and shook their green leaves in thy breeze,
 And shot towards heaven. The century-living crow,
 Whose birth was in their tops, grew old and died
 Among their branches ; till, at last, they stood,
 As now they stand, massy, and tall, and dark,
 Fit shrine for humble worshipper to hold
 Communion with his Maker. Here are seen
 No traces of man's pomp or pride ; no silks
 Rustle, no jewels shine, nor envious eyes
 Encounter ; no fantastic carvings show
 The boast of our vain race to change the form
 Of thy fair works. But thou art here ; thou fill'st
 The solitude. Thou art in the soft winds
 That run along the summits of these trees
 In music ; thou art in the cooler breath,
 That, from the inmost darkness of the place,
 Comes, scarcely felt ; the barky trunks, the ground,

The fresh, moist ground, are all instinct with thee.
 Here is continual worship ; nature, here,
 In the tranquillity that thou dost love,
 Enjoys thy presence. Noiselessly, around,
 From perch to perch, the solitary bird
 Passes ; and yon clear spring, that, 'midst its herbs,
 Wells softly forth, and visits the strong roots
 Of half the mighty forest, tells no tale
 Of all the good it does. Thou hast not left
 Thyself without a witness, in these shades,
 Of thy perfections. Grandeur, strength, and grace
 Are here to speak of thee. This mighty oak—
 By whose immovable stem I stand, and seem
 Almost annihilated—not a prince,
 In all the proud old world beyond the deep,
 E'er wore his crown as loftily as he
 Wears the green coronal of leaves, with which
 Thy hand has graced him. Nestled at his root .
 Is beauty, such as blooms not in the glare
 Of the broad sun. That delicate forest flower,
 With scented breath, and look so like a smile,
 Seems, as it issues from the shapeless mould,
 An emanation of the indwelling Life,
 A visible token of the upholding Love,
 That are the soul of this wide universe.

My heart is awed within me, when I think
 Of the great miracle that still goes on,
 In silence, round me—the perpetual work
 Of thy creation, finish'd, yet renewed
 For ever. Written on thy works, I read
 The lesson of thy own eternity.

Lo ! all grow old and die : but see, again,

How on the faltering footsteps of decay
 Youth presses—ever gay and beautiful youth—
 In all its beautiful forms. These lofty trees
 Wave not less proudly that their ancestors
 Moulder beneath them. O, there is not lost
 One of earth's charms : upon her bosom yet,
 After the flight of untold centuries,
 The freshness of her far beginning lies,
 And yet shall lie. Life mocks the idle hate
 Of his arch enemy Death ; yea, seats himself
 Upon the sepulchre, and blooms, and smiles,
 And of the triumphs of his ghastly foe
 Makes his own nourishment. For he came forth
 From thine own bosom, and shall have no end.

There have been holy men, who hid themselves
 Deep in the woody wilderness, and gave
 Their lives to thought and prayer, till they outlived
 The generation born with them, nor seem'd
 Less aged than the hoary trees and rocks
 Around them ; and there have been holy men
 Who deem'd it were not well to pass life thus.
 But let me often to these solitudes
 Retire, and, in thy presence, reassure
 My feeble virtue. Here, its enemies,
 The passions, at thy plainer footsteps, shrink,
 And tremble, and are still. O God ! when thou
 Dost scare the world with tempests, set on fire
 The heavens with falling thunderbolts, or fill,
 With all the waters of the firmament,
 The swift, dark whirlwind, that uproots the woods,
 And drowns the villages ; when, at thy call,
 Uprises the great deep, and throws himself

Upon the continent, and overwhelms
 Its cities ;—who forgets not, at the sight
 Of these tremendous tokens of thy power,
 His pride, and lays his strifes and follies by ?
 O, from these sterner aspects of thy face
 Spare me and mine ; nor let us need the wrath
 Of the mad, unchain'd elements, to teach
 Who rules them. Be it ours to meditate,
 In these calm shades, thy milder majesty,
 And, to the beautiful order of thy works,
 Learn to conform the order of our lives.

EFFECTS OF THE GRACE OF GOD.

GRACE does not steel the faithful heart,
 That it should know no ill ;
 We learn to kiss the chastening rod,
 And feel its sharpness still.

But how unlike the Christian's tears
 To those the world must shed !
 His sighs are tranquil and resign'd
 As the heart from which they sped.

The saint may be compell'd to meet
 Misfortune's saddest blow ;
 His bosom is alive to feel
 The keenest pang of wo.

But, ever as the wound is given,
 There is a hand unseen,
 Hasting to wipe away the scar,
 And hide where it has been.

The Christian would not have his lot
 Be other than it is ;
 For, while his Father rules the world,
 He knows that world is his.

He knows that He who gave the best,
 Will give him all beside ;
 Assured that every good he asks
 Is evil, if denied.

When clouds of sorrow gather round,
 His bosom owns no fear ;
 He knows, where'er his portion be,
 His God will still be there.

And when the threaten'd storm has burst,
 Whate'er the trial be,
 Something yet whispers him within,
 " Be still, for it is He ! "

Poor nature, ever weak, will shrink
 From the afflictive stroke ;
 But faith disclaims the hasty plaint
 Impatient nature spoke.

He knows it is a Father's will,
 And therefore it is good ;
 Nor would he venture, by a wish,
 To change it, if he could.

His grateful bosom quickly learns
 Its sorrows to disown ;
 Yields to his pleasure, and forgets
 The choice was not his own.

SACRED MELODY.

THE bird, let loose in eastern skies,
When hastening fondly home,
Ne'er stoops to earth her wing, nor flies
Where idle warblers roam :

But high she shoots through air and light,
Above all low delay,
Where nothing earthly bounds her flight,
Nor shadow dims her way.

So grant me, God, from every care
And stain of passion free,
Aloft, through virtue's purer air,
To hold my course to thee :—

No sin to cloud, no lure to stay
My soul, as home she springs ;
Thy sunshine on her joyful way,
Thy freedom on her wings.

HYMN OF NATURE.

God of the earth's extended plains !
 The dark green fields contented lie ;
 The mountains rise like holy towers,
 Where man might commune with the sky ;
 The tall cliff challenges the storm
 That lowers upon the vale below,
 Where shaded fountains send their streams,
 With joyous music in their flow.

God of the dark and heavy deep !
 The waves lie sleeping on the sands,
 Till the fierce trumpet of the storm
 Hath summon'd up their thundering bands ;
 Then the white sails are dash'd like foam,
 Or hurry, trembling, o'er the seas,
 Till, calm'd by thee, the sinking gale
 Serenely breathes, Depart in peace.

God of the forest's solemn shade !
 The grandeur of the lonely tree,
 That wrestles singly with the gale,
 Lifts up admiring eyes to thee ;
 But more majestic far they stand,
 When, side by side, their ranks they form,
 To wave on high their plumes of green,
 And fight their battles with the storm.

God of the light and viewless air !
 Where summer breezes sweetly flow,

Or, gathering in their angry might,
 The fierce and wintry tempests blow ;
 All—from the evening's plaintive sigh,
 That hardly lifts the drooping flower,
 To the wild whirlwind's midnight cry—
 Breathe forth the language of thy power.

God of the fair and open sky !
 How gloriously above us springs
 The tented dome, of heavenly blue,
 Suspended on the rainbow's rings.
 Each brilliant star, that sparkles through,
 Each gilded cloud, that wanders free
 In evening's purple radiance, gives
 The beauty of its praise to thee.

God of the rolling orbs above !
 Thy name is written clearly bright
 In the warm day's unvarying blaze,
 Or evening's golden shower of light.
 For every fire that fronts the sun,
 And every spark that walks alone
 Around the utmost verge of heaven,
 Were kindled at thy burning throne.

God of the world ! the hour must come,
 And nature's self to dust return !
 Her crumbling altars must decay !
 Her incense fires shall cease to burn !
 But still her grand and lovely scenes
 Have made man's warmest praises flow ;
 For hearts grow holier as they trace
 The beauty of the world below.

WISDOM.

AH! when did wisdom covet length of days,
 Or seek its bliss in pleasure, wealth, or praise?
 No: wisdom views, with an indifferent eye,
 All finite joys, all blessings born to die.
 The soul on earth is an immortal guest,
 Compell'd to starve at an unreal feast:
 A spark, that upward tends by nature's force;
 A stream, diverted from its parent source;
 A drop, dissever'd from the boundless sea;
 A moment, parted from eternity;
 A pilgrim, panting for a rest to come;
 An exile, anxious for his native home.

JESUS TEACHING THE PEOPLE.

How sweetly flow'd the Gospel's sound
 From lips of gentleness and grace,
 When listening thousands gather'd round,
 And joy and reverence fill'd the place!

 From heaven he came, of heaven he spoke,
 To heaven he led his followers' way;
 Dark clouds of gloomy night he broke,
 Unveiling an immortal day.

“Come, wanderers, to my Father’s home,
 Come, all ye weary ones, and rest !”
 Yes ! sacred Teacher, we will come,
 Obey thee, love thee, and be blest.

Decay then, tenements of dust !
 Pillars of earthly pride, decay !
 A nobler mansion waits the just,
 And Jesus has prepared the way.

ON THE DEATH OF A CHRISTIAN FRIEND.

WHEN faith and love, which parted from thee never,
 Had ripen’d thy just soul to dwell with God,
 Meekly thou didst resign this earthly load
 Of death, call’d life, which us from life doth sever.
 Thy works, and alms, and all thy good endeavor,
 Stay’d not behind, nor in the grave were trod ;
 But, as faith pointed with her golden rod,
 Follow’d thee up to joy and bliss for ever !
 Love led them on, and faith, who knew them best.
 Thy handmaids clad them o’er with purple beams,
 And azure wings, that up they flew so dress’d,
 And spake the truth of thee on glorious themes,
 Before the Judge ; who thenceforth bade thee rest,
 And drink thy fill of pure immortal streams.

LINES ADDRESSED TO THE RING-DOVE.

SWEET bird, again that plaintive strain ;
It seems the Christian voice ;
O'er earth and sin constrain'd to roam,
And yet in hope rejoice.

Let gayer warblers of the grove
Their varied notes express ;
Far more thy single strain I love,
And more thy pilgrim dress.

Thy notes, which erring men despise,
Like those of Zion's song,
To one alone in love arise,
Nor heed the glittering throng !

How sad thy cry, from thee if fate
Should rend that one so dear !
What songs express thy joyful state,
To see him reappear !

So weeps that soul the Savior slain,
For whom his life he gave ;
So triumphs that he rose again
Victorious from the grave.

And ah ! thy soft and sweet complaint,
Thy murmurs when caress'd ;
So mourns the saint, by earth detain'd,
E'en on his Master's breast.

But soon, with swift unburden'd wing,
 His soul shall mount above,
 In one eternal strain to sing
 A dying Saviour's love.

"THOU HAST MADE SUMMER AND
 WINTER."

MY God, all nature owns thy sway ;
 Thou givest the night and thou the day.
 When all thy loved creation wakes,
 When morning, rich in lustre, breaks,
 And bathes in dew the opening flower,
 To thee we owe her fragrant hour ;
 And, when she pours her choral song,
 Her melodies to thee belong !

Or when, in paler tints array'd,
 The evening slowly spreads her shade ;
 That soothing shade, that grateful gloom,
 Can, more than day's enlivening bloom,
 Still every fond and vain desire,
 And calmer, purer thoughts inspire ;
 From earth the pensive spirit free,
 And lead the soften'd heart to thee.

In every scene thy hands have dress'd,
 In every form by thee impress'd,
 Upon the mountain's awful head,
 Or where the sheltering woods are spread ;
 In every note that swells the gale,
 Or tuneful stream that cheers the vale,

The cavern's depth or echoing grove,—
A voice is heard of praise and love.

As o'er thy works the seasons roll,
And soothe, with change of bliss, the soul,
O never may their smiling train
Pass o'er the human soul in vain !
But oft, as on their charms we gaze,
Attune the wondering soul to praise,
And be the joys that most we prize,
The joys that from thy favor rise.

HYMN.

THE morning flowers display their sweets,
And gay their silken leaves unfold,
As careless of the noontide heats,
As fearless of the evening cold.

Nipp'd by the wind's unkindly blast,
Parch'd by the sun's directer ray,
The momentary glories waste,
The short-lived beauties die away.

So blooms the human face divine,
When youth its pride of beauty shows;
Fairer than spring the colors shine,
And sweeter than the virgin rose :

Till, worn by slowly rolling years,
Or broke by sickness in a day,
The fading glory disappears,
The short-lived beauties die away.

Yet these, new rising from the tomb,
 With lustre brighter far shall shine ;
 Revive with ever-during bloom,
 Safe from diseases and decline.

Let sickness blast, let death devour,
 If heaven must recompense our pains ;
 Perish the grass, and fade the flower,
 If firm the word of God remains.

UPON THE DEATH OF A YOUNG LADY.

Alas ! these youthful bearers, robed in white,
 They tell a mournful tale. Some blooming friend
 Is gone,—dead in her prime of years. 'T was she,
 The poor man's friend, who, when she could not give,
 With angel tongue persuaded those who could ;
 With angel tongue, and mild beseeching eye,
 That ne'er besought in vain, save when she prayed
 For longer life, with heart resign'd to die,—
 Rejoiced to die,—for happy visions bless'd
 Her voyage's last days, and, hovering round,
 Alighted on her soul, giving presage
 That heaven was nigh. O what a burst
 Of rapture from her lips ! What tears of joy
 Her heavenward eyes suffused ! Those eyes are closed ;
 But all her loveliness is not yet flown.
 She smiled in death, and still her cold, pale face
 Retains that smile : as when a waveless lake,
 In which the wintry stars all bright appear,
 Is sheeted by a nightly frost with ice,
 Still it reflects the face of heaven unchanged,
 Unruffled by the breeze or sweeping blast.

THE FAMILY IN HEAVEN AND EARTH.

'T is but one family !—the sound is balm,
 A seraph-whisper to the wounded heart ;
 It lulls the storm of sorrow to a calm,
 And draws the venom from the avenger's dart.

'T is but one family !—the accents come
 Like light from heaven, to break the night of wo,
 The banner cry, to call the spirit home,
 The shout of victory o'er a fallen foe.

Death cannot separate—is memory dead ?
 Has thought, too, vanish'd ? and has love grown chill ?
 Has every relic and memento fled ?
 And are the living only with us still ?

No ! in our hearts the lost we mourn remain,
 Objects of love and ever fresh delight ;
 And fancy leads them in her fairy train
 In half-seen transports past the mourner's sight

Yes ! in ten thousand ways, or far or near,
 The call'd by love, by meditation brought,
 In heavenly visions yet they haunt us here,
 The sad companions of our sweetest thought.

Death never separates—the golden wires
 That ever trembled to their names before,
 Will vibrate still, though every form expires,
 And those we love we look upon no more.

No more indeed in sorrow and in pain,
 But even memory's need ere long will cease
 For we shall join the lost of love again,
 In endless bands, and in eternal peace.

MISSIONARY HYMN.

FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
 From India's coral strand,
 Where Afric's sunny fountains
 Roll down their golden sand ;
 From many an ancient river,
 From many a balmy plain,
 They call us to deliver
 Their land from error's chain.

What though the spicy breezes
 Blow soft on Ceylon's isle,
 Though every prospect pleases,
 And only man is vile :
 In vain, with lavish kindness,
 The gifts of God are strewn,
 The Heathen, in his blindness,
 Bows down to wood and stone.

Shall we, whose souls are lighted
 With wisdom from on high,
 Shall we to man benighted
 The lamp of life deny ?

Salvation ! O, salvation .
 The joyful sound proclaim,
 Till each remotest nation
 Has learn'd Messiah's name.

Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
 And you, ye waters, roll,
 Till, like a sea of glory,
 It spreads from pole to pole :
 Till o'er our ransom'd nature
 The Lamb for sinners slain,
 Redeemer, King, Creator,
 In bliss return to reign.

THE RAINBOW.

TRIUMPHAL arch, that fill'st the sky
 When storms prepare to part,
 I ask not proud philosophy
 To teach me what thou art.

Still seem as to my childhood's sight,
 A midway station given,
 For happy spirits to alight
 Betwixt the earth and heaven.

Can all that optics teach unfold
 Thy form to please me so,
 As when I dream'd of gems and gold
 Hid in thy radiant bow ?

When science from creation's face
 Enchantment's veil withdraws,

What lovely visions yield their place
To cold material laws !

And yet, fair bow, no fabling dreams,
But words of the Most High,
Have told why first thy robe of beams
Was woven in the sky.

When o'er the green undeluged earth
Heaven's covenant thou didst shine,
How came the world's gray fathers forth
To watch thy sacred sign !

And when its yellow lustre smiled
O'er mountains yet untrod,
Each mother held aloft her child,
To bless the bow of God.

Methinks thy jubilee to keep,
The first made anthem rang,
On earth deliver'd from the deep,
And the first poet sang.

Nor ever shall the Muse's eye
Unraptured greet thy beam ;
Theme of primeval prophecy,
Be still the poet's theme.

The earth to thee its incense yields,
The lark thy welcome sings,
When glittering in the freshen'd fields
The snowy mushroom springs.

How glorious is thy girdle cast
O'er mountain, tower, and town,

Or mirror'd in the ocean vast,
A thousand fathoms down.

As fresh in yon horizon dark,
As young thy beauties seem,
As when the eagle from the ark
First sported in thy beam.

For faithful to its sacred page,
Heaven still rebuilds thy span,
Nor lets the type grow pale with age,
That first spoke peace to man.

THE WORM.

TURN, turn thy hasty foot aside,
Nor crush that helpless worm :
The frame thy wayward looks deride
Required a God to form.

The common Lord of all that move,
From whom thy being flow'd,
A portion of his boundless love
On that poor worm bestow'd.

The sun, the moon, the stars he made
To all his creatures free ;
And spreads o'er earth the grassy blade
For worms as well as thee.

Let them enjoy their little day,
 Their lowly bliss receive :
 O ! do not lightly take away
 The life thou canst not give.

EPITAPH

ON MARY, THE WIFE OF THE REV. W. MASON.

TAKE, holy earth, all that my soul holds dear ;
 Take that best gift, which Heaven so lately gave.
 To Bristol's fount I bore, with trembling care,
 Her faded form—she bow'd to taste the wave,
 And died ! Does youth, does beauty read the line ?
 Does sympathetic fear their breast alarm ?
 Speak, dead MARIA ; breathe a strain divine—
 E'en from the grave thou shalt have power to charm !
 Bid them be chaste, be innocent, like thee ;
 Bid them in duty's sphere as meekly move,
 And if as fair, from vanity as free,
 As firm in friendship, and as fond in love ;
 Tell them, though 't is an awful thing to die,
 ('T was even to thee)—yet the dread path once trod,
 HEAVEN lifts its everlasting portals high,
 And bids the pure in heart behold their God.

THE PARISH PRIEST.

A PARISH Priest was of the pilgrim train,
 An awful, reverend, and religious man ;
 His eye diffused a venerable grace,
 And charity itself was in his face.
 Rich was his soul, though his attire was poor,
 As God had clothed his own ambassador ;
 For such on earth his bless'd Redeemer bore.
 Of sixty years he seem'd ; and well might last
 To sixty more, but that he lived too fast ;
 Refined himself to soul, to curb the sense,
 And made almost a sin of abstinence :
 Yet had his aspect nothing of severe,
 But such a face as promised him sincere.
 Nothing reserved or sullen was to see ;
 But sweet regards, and pleasing sanctity :
 Mild was his accent, and his action free.
 With eloquence innate his tongue was arm'd ;
 Though harsh the precept, yet the people charm'd.
 For, letting down the golden chain from high,
 He drew his audience upward to the sky ;
 And oft with holy hymns he charm'd their ears,
 A music more melodious than the spheres ;
 For David left him, when he went to rest,
 His lyre ; and after him he sung the best.

He bore his great commission in his look,
 But sweetly temper'd awe ; and soften'd all he spoke.
 He preach'd the joys of heaven and pains of hell,
 And warn'd the sinner with becoming zeal ;

But on eternal mercy loved to dwell.

He taught the Gospel rather than the Law,

And forced himself to drive ; but loved to draw.

For fear but freezes minds ; but love, like heat,

Exhales the soul sublime to seek her native seat.

To threats the stubborn sinner oft is hard,

Wrapp'd in his crimes, against the storm prepared ;

But when the milder beams of mercy play,

He melts and throws his cumbrous cloak away.

Lightning and thunder, Heaven's artillery,

As harbingers before the Almighty fly :

Those but proclaim his style, and disappear ;

The stiller sound succeeds, and—God is there !

Though he had little, he had some to spare,

To feed the famish'd, and to clothe the bare :

For mortified he was to that degree,

A poorer than himself he would not see.

Wide was his parish ; not contracted close

In streets, but here and there a straggling house .

Yet still he was at hand, without request,

To serve the sick, to succor the distress'd,

Tempting on foot, alone, without affright,

The dangers of a dark tempestuous night.

All this the good old man perform'd alone,

Nor spared his pains, for curate he had none.

The proud he tamed, the penitent he cheer'd ;

Nor to rebuke the rich offender fear'd.

His preaching much, but more his practice wrought,

A living sermon of the truths he taught.

For this by rules severe his life he squared,

That all might see the doctrines that they heard :

For priests, he said, are patterns for the rest;
 The gold of heaven, who bear the God impress'd;
 But when the precious coin is kept unclean,
 The Sovereign's image is no longer seen.
 If they be foul, on whom the people trust,
 Well may the baser brass contract a rust.

The prelate for his holy life he prized;
 The worldly pomp of prelacy despised.
 His Savior came not with a gaudy show:
 Nor was his kingdom of the world below.
 Patience in want, and poverty of mind,
 These marks of church and churchmen he design'd,
 And living taught, and dying left behind.

Such was the saint, that shone with every grace,
 Reflecting, Moses-like, his Maker's face.
 God saw his image lively was express'd,
 And his own work, as in creation, bless'd.

ON THE SABBATH.

How sweet, upon this sacred day,
 The best of all the seven,
 To cast our earthly thoughts away,
 And think of God and heaven !

How sweet to be allow'd to pray
 Our sins may be forgiven !
 With filial confidence to say,
 " Father ! who art in heaven ! "

With humble hope to bend the knee,
 And, free from folly's leaven,
 Confess that we have stray'd from thee,
 The righteous Judge of heaven !

How sweet the words of peace to hear
 From Him to whom 't is given
 To wake the penitential tear,
 And lead the way to heaven !

And if to make all sin depart
 Vainly the will has striven,
 He who regards the inmost heart
 Will send his grace from heaven.

When from the bosom that was dear,
 By cold unkindness driven,
 The heart that knows no refuge here,
 Shall find a friend in heaven.

And when from all of bliss below
 In solitude 't is riven,
 He who dispenses weal or wo
 Shall raise it up to heaven.

Then hail, thou sacred, blessed day,
 The best of all the seven !
 When hearts unite their vows to pay
 Of gratitude to Heaven !

THE WIDOW.

SHE said she was alone within the world :
 How could she but be sad !
 She whisper'd something of a lad,
 With eyes of blue, and light hair sweetly curl'd ;
 But the grave had the child !
 And yet his voice she heard,
 When at the lattice, calm and mild,
 The mother in the twilight saw the vine-leaves stirr'd.
 "Mother," it seem'd to say,
 "I love thee ;
 When thou dost by the side of thy lone pillow pray,
 My spirit writes the words above thee ;
 Mother, I watch o'er thee—I love thee."

Where was the husband of that widow'd thing,
 That seraph's earthly sire ?—
 A soldier dares a soldier's fire ;
 The murderous ball brought death upon its wing,
 Beneath a foreign sky,—
 He fell in sunny Spain ;
 The wife, in silence, saw him die,
 But the fond boy's blue eyes gave drops like summer
 rain.

"Mother," the poor lad cried,
 "He's dying !
 We are close by thee, father—at thy bleeding side—
 Dost thou not hear thy Arthur crying ?—
 Mother, his lips are closed—he's dying !"

It was a stormy time when the man fell;
 And the youth shrunk and pined;
 Consumption's worm his pulse entwined—
 "*Prepare his shroud,*" rung out the convent bell.
 Yet, through his pain he smiled,
 To soothe a parent's grief:—
 Sad soul! she could not be beguiled:
 She saw the bud would leave the guardian leaf!
 "Mother," he faintly said,
 "Come near me—
 Kiss me—and let me in my father's grave be laid—
 I've pray'd that I might still be near thee;
 Mother, I'll come again and cheer thee!"

HINDOO HYMN.

TO THE SPIRIT OF GOD, CALLED NARAVENA, i. e. "MOV-
 ING ON THE WATER."—*Gen. i. 2.*

SPIRIT of spirits! who, through every part
 Of space expanded, and of endless time,
 Beyond the stretch of laboring thought sublime,
 Badst uproar into beauteous order start;
 Before Heaven was, Thou art;
 Ere spheres beneath us roll'd, or spheres above,
 Ere earth in firmamental ether hung,
 Thou sat'st alone; till through thy mystic love
 Things unexisting to existence sprung,
 And grateful descant sung:—
 What first impell'd thee to exert thy might?
 Goodness unlimited. What glorious light

Thy power directed ? Wisdom without bound.
 What proved it first ? O ! guide my fancy right.
 Oh, raise from cumbrous ground
 My soul, in rapture drown'd ;
 That fearless it may soar on wings of fire,
 For thou who only know'st, thou only canst inspire.

Omniscient Spirit ! whose all-ruling power
 Bids from each sense bright emanations beam ;
 Glow in the rainbow ; sparkles in the stream ;
 Smiles in the bud ; and glistens in the flower,
 That crowns each vernal bower ;
 Sighs in the gale ; and warbles in the throat
 Of every bird that hails the bloomy spring,
 Or tells his love in many a liquid note,
 Whilst envious artists touch the rival string,
 Till rocks and forests ring ;
 Breathes in rich fragrance from the sandal grove,
 Or where the precious musk-deer playful rove ;
 In dulcet juice from clustering fruit distils,
 And burns salubrious in the tasteful clove ;
 Soft banks and verd'rous hills
 Thy present influence fills ;
 In air, in floods, in caverns, woods and plains,
 Thy will enlivens all ; thy sovereign spirit reigns.

Blue crystal vault and elemental fires
 That in ethereal fluid blaze and breathe ;
 Thou tossing main, whose snaky branches wreath
 This pensile globe with intertwisted gyres ;
 Mountains, whose radiant spires
 Presumptuous rear their summits to the skies,
 And blend their emerald hues with sapphire light ;

Smooth meads, and lawns, that glow with varying
 dyes,
 Of dew-bespangled leaves and blossoms bright,
 Hence!—vanish from my sight!
 Delusive pictures, unsubstantial shows!
 My soul, absorbed, one only Being knows,
 Of all perceptions one abundant source,
 Whence every object every moment flows.
 Suns hence derive their force,
 Hence planets learn their course :—
 But suns and fading worlds I view no more ;
 God only I perceive—God only I adore.

THE TWINS.

'T WAS summer, and a Sabbath eve,
 And balmy was the air ;
 I saw a sight that made me grieve,
 And yet the sight was fair :
 Within a little coffin lay
 Two lifeless babes as sweet as May.

Like waxen dolls which children dress,
 The little bodies were ;
 A look of placid happiness
 Did on each face appear :
 And in the coffin short and wide,
 They lay together, side by side.

A rose-bud nearly closed I found
 Each little hand within ;

And many a pink was strow'd around
 With sprigs of jessamine :
 And yet the flowers that round them lay
 Were not to me more fair than they.

Their mother, as a lily pale,
 Sat by them on the bed ;
 And bending o'er them told her tale ;
 And many a tear she shed :
 Yet oft she cried amidst her pain,
 " My babes and I shall meet again."

THE CHRISTIAN MOURNER'S PROSPECT OF, DEATH.

THE hour, the hour, the parting hour,
 That takes from this dark world its power,
 And lays at once the thorn and flower
 On the same withering bier, my soul !
 The hour that ends all earthly woes,
 And gives the wearied soul repose,—
 How soft, how sweet, that last, long close
 Of mortal hope and fear, my soul !

How sweet, while on this broken lyre
 The melodies of time expire,
 To feel it strung with chords of fire,
 To praise the immortal One, my soul !
 And while our farewell tears we pour
 To those we leave on this cold shore,
 To feel that we shall weep no more,
 Nor dwell alone in heaven, my soul !

How sweet, while waning fast away
 The stars of this dim world decay,
 To see, prophetic of the day,
 The golden dawn arise, my soul !
 To feel we only sleep to rise
 In sunnier lands and fairer skies,
 To bind again our broken ties
 In ever-living love, my soul !

The hour, the hour, so pure and calm,
 That bathes the wounded soul in balm,
 And round the pale brow twines the palm,
 That shuns this wintry clime, my soul !
 The hour that draws o'er earth and all
 Its briars and blooms the mortal pall,—
 How soft, how sweet, that evening-fall
 Of fear, and grief, and time, my soul !

HEAVEN.

THEN never tear shall fall,
 The heart shall ne'er be cold ;
 And life's rich tree shall teem for all
 With fruit more "golden far than gold."

Then those we lost below
 Once more we shall infold ;
 And there, with eyes undimm'd by wo,
 The burning throne of God behold.

There the pure sun-bow glows,
 Unaided by the shower ;

No thorn attends the Elysian rose,
 No shadow marks the blissful hour.

There roll the streams of love,
 Beyond death's wintry power !
 In light and song for aye they move,
 By many a bless'd immortal's bower.

GOD SEEN IN ALL THINGS.

THOU art, O God, the life and light
 Of all this wondrous world we see ;
 Its glow by day, its smile by night,
 Are but reflections caught from thee :
 Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,
 And all things fair and bright are thine.

When day with farewell beam delays,
 Among the opening clouds of even,
 And we can almost think we gaze
 Through golden vistas into heaven,
 Those hues that mark the sun's decline,
 So soft, so radiant, Lord, are thine.

When night, with wings of stormy gloom,
 O'ershadows all the earth and skies,
 Like some dark beauteous bird, whose plume
 Is sparkling with a thousand eyes,
 That sacred gloom, those fires divine,
 So grand, so countless, Lord, are thine.

When youthful spring around us breathes,
 Thy Spirit warms her fragrant sigh,

And every flower the summer wreathes
 Is born beneath that kindling eye:
 Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,
 And all things fair and bright are thine.

THE BEACON.

THE scene was more beautiful far, to my eye,
 Than if day in its pride had array'd it:
 The land-breeze blew mild, and the azure arch'd sky
 Look'd pure as the Spirit that made it.

The murmur arose, as I silently gazed
 On the shadowy waves' playful motion,
 From the dim distant isle till the beacon-fire blazed,
 Like a star in the midst of the ocean.

No longer the joy of the sailor-boy's breast
 Was heard in his wildly breathed numbers;
 The sea-bird had flown to her wave-girdled nest,
 The fisherman sunk to his slumbers.

I sigh'd as I look'd from the hill's gentle slope;
 And hush'd was the billows' commotion;
 And I thought that the beacon look'd lovely as hope,
 The star of life's tremulous ocean.

The time is long past, and the scene is afar,
 Yet, when my head rests on its pillow,
 Will memory sometimes rekindle the star
 That blazed on the breast of the billow.

In life's closing hour, when the trembling soul flies,
 And death stills the soul's last emotion,
 O then may the seraph of mercy arise
 Like a star on eternity's ocean.

THE LILY.

I HAD found out a sweet green spot,
 Where a lily was blooming fair ;
 The din of the city disturb'd it not,
 But the spirit, that shades the quiet cot
 With its wings of love, was there.

I found that lily's bloom
 When the day was dark and chill :
 It smiled, like a star in the misty gloom,
 And it sent abroad a soft perfume,
 Which is floating around me still.

I sat by the lily's bell,
 And watch'd it many a day :—
 The leaves, that rose in a flowing swell,
 Grew faint and dim, then droop'd and fell,
 And the flower had flown away.

I look'd where the leaves were laid,
 In withering paleness, by ;
 And, as gloomy thoughts stole on me, said,
 There is many a sweet and blooming maid,
 Who will soon as dimly die.

THE DYING CHRISTIAN TO HIS SOUL.

VITAL spark of heavenly flame !
 Quit, oh quit this mortal frame !
 Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying,
 Oh the pain, the bliss, of dying !
 Cease, fond Nature, cease thy strife,
 And let me languish into life !

Hark ! they whisper ; angels say,
 " Sister spirit, come away !"
 What is this absorbs me quite,
 Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
 Drowns my spirit, draws my breath ?—
 Tell me, my soul, can this be Death ?

The world recedes, it disappears !
 Heaven opens on my eyes ! my ears
 With sounds seraphic ring !
 Lend, lend your wings ! I mount ! I fly !
 O Grave ! where is thy victory ?
 O Death ! where is thy sting ?

THE ROSE.

How fair is the Rose ! what a beautiful flower !
The glory of April and May !
But the leaves are beginning to fade in an hour,
And they wither and die in a day.

Yet the rose has one powerful virtue to boast,
Above all the flowers of the field :
When its leaves are all dead, and fine colors are lost,
Still how sweet a perfume it will yield !

So frail is the youth and the beauty of men,
Though they bloom and look gay like the rose !
But all our fond care to preserve them is vain :
Time kills them as fast as he goes.

Then I'll not be proud of my youth or my beauty,
Since both of them wither and fade ;
But gain a good name by well doing my duty :
This will scent like a rose when I'm dead.

THE SETTING SUN.

THAT setting sun—that setting sun !
 What scenes, since first its race begun,
 Of varied hue, its eye hath seen,
 Which are as they had never been.

That setting sun ! full many a gaze
 Hath dwelt upon its fading rays,
 With sweet, according thought sublime,
 In every age, and every clime !

'T is sweet to mark thee, sinking slow
 The ocean's fabled caves below,
 And when the obscuring night is done,
 To see thee rise, sweet setting sun.

So when my pulses cease to play,
 Serenely close my evening ray,
 To rise again, death's slumber done,
 Glorious like thee, sweet setting sun.

"THY WILL BE DONE!"

O THOU whose lips can well repeat
 The Savior's prayer, nor deem'st deceit
 The while is lurking in thy heart,
 Pause, ere their memory shall depart.

"Thy will be done!"—and dost thou find
 In the deep musings of thy mind
 No fear, no hope, no passion there,
 Thou couldst not freely from thee tear?
 And darest thou call upon thy God
 To try thee with his chastening rod,
 And round the wide world steadfast look,
 And find no ill thou canst not brook?
 What! couldst thou see the whirlwind come
 To tear thee from thy cherish'd home?
 See the strong arm of death embrace
 The best beloved of all thy race?
 See, undeserved, an evil fame
 Attaint thy long unsullied name?
 Feel slow consuming sickness break
 Thy mind, now impotent and weak?
 Yet not one murmur?—If but one,
 Thou must not say, "Thy will be done!"

No: rather, ere thy spirit dare
 Adopt the Savior's fervent prayer,
 The Savior's *spirit* earnest seek,
 Enduring, patient, firm, and meek.
 Go, seek of God a heavenly mind,
 Active, like His—like His, resign'd:
 Pray, that thy very prayer may bring
 No hated, no unwelcome thing;
 Pray, that the will of Heaven may be
 Health, joy, and all things else to thee;
 And, thus the work of prayer begun,
 Thou well may'st say, "Thy will be done."

"GOD IS GOOD." ---

God is good ! each perfumed flower,
 The smiling fields, the dark green wood,
 The insect fluttering for an hour,—
 All things proclaim that " God is good."

I hear it in the rushing wind ;
 The hills that have for ages stood,
 And clouds, with gold and silver lined,
 All still repeat that " God is good."

Each little rill which many a year
 Has the same verdant course pursued ;
 And every bird, in accents clear,
 Join in the song that " God is good."

The countless hosts of twinkling stars,
 Which e'en the keenest sight elude,
 The rising sun each day declares,
 In rays of light, that " God is good."

The restless main, with haughty roar,
 Calms each wild wave and billow rude ;
 Retreats, submissive, from the shore,
 And joins the chorus—" God is good."

The moon, that walks in brightness, says
 That " God is good : " and man, endued
 With power to speak his Maker's praise,
 Should still repeat that " God is good."

THE GARDEN OF GETHSEMANE.

O'ER Kedron's stream, and Salem's height,
 And Olivet's brown steep,
 Moves the majestic queen of night,
 And throws from heaven her silver light,
 And sees the world asleep ;

All but the children of distress,
 Of sorrow, grief, and care—
 Whom sleep, though prayed for, will not bless :
 These leave the couch of restlessness,
 To breathe the cool, calm air.

For those who shun the glare of day,
 There's a composing power
 That meets them, on their lonely way,
 In the still air, the sober ray
 Of this religious hour.

'T is a religious hour ;—for He
 Who many a grief shall bear,
 In his own body on the tree,
 Is kneeling in Gethsemane,
 In agony and prayer.

O, Holy Father, when the light
 Of earthly joy grows dim,
 May hope in Christ grow strong and bright,
 To all who kneel, in sorrow's night,
 In trust and prayer like him.

THE JUBILEE.

LEVITICUS XXV. 8—13.

THE trumpet's voice
 The Sabbath of the jubilee announced ;
 The freedom-freighted blast, through all the land,
 At once, in every city, echoing rings,
 From Lebanon to Carmel's woody cliffs,
 So loud, that, far within the desert's verge,
 The crouching lion starts, and glares around.

Free is the bondman now ; each one returns
 To his inheritance. The man, grown old
 In servitude far from his native fields,
 Hastes joyous on his way. No hills are steep ;
 Smooth is each rugged path. His little ones
 Sport as they go, while oft the mother chides
 The lingering step, lured by the way-side flowers.

At length, the hill from which a farewell look,
 And still another parting look, he cast
 On his paternal vale, appears in view.
 The summit gained, throbs hard his heart, with joy
 And sorrow blent, to see that vale once more.
 Instant his eager eye darts to the roof
 Where first he saw the light. His youngest born
 He lifts, and, pointing to the much-loved spot,
 Says, " There my fathers lived, and there they sleep."

Onward he wends : near and more near he draws—
 How sweet the tinkle of the palm-bower'd brook !

The sunbeam, slanting through the cedar grove,
 How lovely, and how mild ! but lovelier still
 The welcome in the eye of ancient friends,
 Scarce known at first ;—and dear the fig-tree shade,
 In which, on Sabbath eve, his father told
 Of Israel, from the house of bondage freed,
 Led through the desert to the promised land.
 With eager arms the aged stem he clasps,
 And with his tears the furrow'd bark bedews ;
 And still at midnight hour he thinks he hears
 The blissful sound that brake the bondman's chains,—
 The glorious peal of freedom and of joy.

ALL THINGS TO BE CHANGED.

I LOVE to see the falling leaf,
 To watch the waning moon :
 I love to cherish the belief
 That all will change so soon.

I love to see the beauteous flowers
 In bright succession pass ;
 As they would deck the fleeting hours,
 And hide Time's ebbing glass.

I love the rushing wind to hear
 Through the dismantled trees,
 And shed the sad but silent tear
 O'er joys that changed like these.

I love to think the glorious earth
 Is but a splendid tomb,

Whence man to an immortal birth
Shall rise in deathless bloom ;

That nothing in its bosom dies,
But all, in endless change,
Shall, in some brighter form, arise,
Or brighter region range.

On this fair couch then rest thy head
In peace, poor child of sorrow ;
For He, the God of truth, has said,
"Thou shalt be changed to-morrow !"

Changed, as the saints and angels are,
To glories ever new ;
Corrupt shall incorruption wear,
And death shall life renew.

"THEY WENT OUT INTO THE MOUNT OF OLIVES."

THERE 's something sweet in scenes of gloom
To hearts of joy bereft ;
When hope has wither'd in its bloom,
When friends are going to the tomb,
Or in the tomb are left.

'T is night—a lovely night :—and lo !
Like men in vision seen,
The Savior and his brethren go,
Silent, and sorrowful, and slow,
Led by heaven's lamp serene,—

From Salem's height, o'er Kedron's stream,
 To Olivet's dark steep ;
 There o'er past joys, gone like a dream,
 O'er future woes, that present seem,
 In solitude to weep.

Heaven on their earthly hopes has frown'd :
 Their dream of thrones has fled ;
 The table, that his love has crown'd,
 They ne'er again shall gather round,
 With Jesus at their head.

Blast not, O God, this hope of ours,
 The hope of sins forgiven ;—
 Then when our friends the grave devours,
 When all the world around us lowers,
 We'll look from earth to heaven.

THE DEATH OF THE FLOWERS.

THE melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year,
 Of wailing winds and naked woods and meadows
 brown and sere.

Heap'd in the hollows of the grove the wither'd leaves
 lie dead,

They rustle to the eddying gust and to the rabbit's
 tread.

The robin and the wren are flown, and from the shrub
 the jay,

And from the wood-top calls the crow, through all the
 gloomy day.

Where are the flowers, the fair young flowers, that
lately sprung and stood

In brighter light and softer airs, a beauteous sister-
hood?

Alas! they all are in their graves; the gentle race of
flowers

Are lying in their lowly beds with the fair and good
of ours.

The rain is falling where they lie—but the cold
November rain

Calls not, from out the gloomy earth, the lovely ones
again.

The wind-flower and the violet, they perish'd long ago,
And the wild-rose and the orchis died amid the sum-
mer glow;

But on the hill the golden-rod, and the aster in the
wood,

And the yellow sunflower by the brook, in autumn
beauty stood,

Till fell the frost from the clear cold heaven, as falls
the plague on men,

And the brightness of their smile was gone from
upland, glade, and glen.

And now when comes the calm, mild day, as still such
days will come,

To call the squirrel and the bee from out their winter
home,

When the sound of dropping nuts is heard, though all
the trees are still,

And twinkle in the smoky light the waters of the
rill,

The south wind searches for the flowers whose fragrance late he bore,
 And sighs to find them in the wood and by the stream
 no more.

And then I think of one who in her youthful beauty
 died,
 The fair meek blossom that grew up and faded by my
 side :
 In the cold moist earth we laid her when the forest
 cast the leaf,
 And we wept that one so lovely should have a life so
 brief ;
 Yet not unmeet it was, that one, like that young friend
 of ours,
 So gentle and so beautiful, should perish with the
 flowers.

EPITAPH.

HERE in a little cave,
 The prettiest nook, of this most grassy vale,
 All amid lilies pale,
 That turn
 Their heads into my little vault and mourn,—
 Stranger, I 've made my grave.

I am not all forgot,
 A small hoarse stream murmurs close by my pillow,
 And o'er me a green willow
 Doth weep,
 Still questioning the air, "Why doth she sleep,
 The girl, in this cold spot?"

Even the very winds
 Come to my cave and sigh : they often bring
 Rose leaves upon their wing,
 To strew
 Over my earth, and leaves of violet blue ;
 In sooth, leaves of all kinds.

Fresh is my mossy bed :
 The frequent pity of the rock falls here,
 A sweet, cold, silent tear :—
 I've heard,
 Sometimes, a wild and melancholy bird
 Warble at my grave head.

Read this small tablet o'er
 That holds mine epitaph upon its cheek of pearl :—
 “ Here lies a simple girl,
 Who died
 Like a pale flower nipt in its sweet spring tide
 Ere it had bloom'd : ”—no more.

DIRGE FOR RACHEL.

AND Rachel lies in Ephrath's land,
 Beneath her lonely oak of weeping,
 With mouldering heart and withering hand,
 The sleep of death for ever sleeping.

The Spring comes smiling down the vale,
 The lilies and the roses bringing,
 But Rachel never more shall hail
 The flowers that in the world are springing.

The Summer gives his radiant day,
 And Jewish dames the dance are treading,
 But Rachel, on her couch of clay,
 Sleeps all unheeded and unheeding.

The Autumn's ripening sunbeam shines,
 And reapers to the field is calling,
 But Rachel's voice no longer joins
 The choral song, at twilight's falling.

The Winter sends his drenching shower,
 And sweeps his howling blast around her,
 But earthly storms possess no power
 To break the slumber that hath bound her.

HYMN.

WHEN Israel, of the Lord beloved,
 Out from the land of bondage came,
 Her father's God before her moved,
 An awful guide in smoke and flame.
 By day, along the astonish'd lands
 The cloudy pillar glided slow;
 By night, Arabia's crimson'd sands
 Return'd the fiery column's glow.

There rose the choral hymn of praise,
 And trump and timbrel answer'd keen,
 And Zion's daughters pour'd their lays,
 With priest's and warrior's voice between.

No portents now our foes amaze,
 Forsaken Israel wanders lone,
 Our fathers would not know THY ways,
 And thou hast left them to their own.

But, present still, though now unseen!
 When brightly shines the prosperous day,
 Be thoughts of THEE a cloudy screen
 To temper the deceitful ray.
 And oh, when stoops on Judah's path
 In shade and storm the frequent night,
 Be THOU, long-suffering, slow to wrath,
 A burning and a shining light!

Our harps we left by Babel's streams,
 The tyrant's jest, the Gentile's scorn;
 No censer round our altar beams,
 And mute are timbrel, trump, and horn.
 But THOU hast said, "the blood of goat,
 The flesh of rams, I will not prize;
 A contrite heart, an humble thought,
 Are mine accepted sacrifice."

FUNERAL HYMN.

YE midnight shades, o'er nature spread!
 Dumb silence of the dreary hour!
 In honor of the approaching dead,
 Around your awful terrors pour.
 Yes, pour around
 On this pale ground,

Through all this deep surrounding gloom,
 The sober thought,
 The tear untaught,
 Those meetest mourners at a tomb.

Lo ! as the surpliced train drew near
 To this last mansion of mankind,
 The slow sad bell, the sable bier,
 In holy musing wrapt the mind !
 And while their beam,
 With trembling stream,
 Attending tapers faintly dart ;
 Each mouldering bone,
 Each sculptured stone,
 Strikes mute instruction to the heart !

Now let the sacred organ blow,
 With solemn pause, and sounding slow ;
 Now let the voice due measure keep,
 In strains that sigh, and words that weep ;
 Till all the vocal current blended roll,
 Not to depress, but lift, the soaring soul :
 To lift it in the Maker's praise,
 Who first inform'd our frame with breath,
 And, after some few stormy days,
 Now, gracious, gives us o'er to death.
 No King of Fears
 In him appears
 Who shuts the scene of human woes ;
 Beneath his shade
 Securely laid,
 The dead alone find true repose.

Then, while we mingle dust with dust,
 To One, supremely good and wise,
 Raise hallelujahs! God is just,
 And man most happy when he dies!
 His winter past,
 Fair spring at last
 Receives him on her flowery shore!
 Where pleasure's rose
 Immortal blows,
 And sin and sorrow are no more!

VERSES

SUPPOSED TO BE WRITTEN BY ALEXANDER SELKIRK,
 DURING HIS SOLITARY ABODE IN THE ISLAND OF
 JUAN FERNANDEZ.

I AM monarch of all I survey,
 My right there is none to dispute;
 From the centre all round to the sea,
 I am lord of the fowl and the brute.
 O solitude! where are the charms
 That sages have seen in thy face?
 Better dwell in the midst of alarms,
 Than reign in this horrible place.

I am out of humanity's reach,
 I must finish my journey alone;
 Never hear the sweet music of speech,
 I start at the sound of my own.

The beasts that roam over the plain
 My form with indifference see ;
 They are so unacquainted with man,
 Their tameness is shocking to me.

Society, friendship, and love,
 Divinely bestow'd upon man
 O had I the wings of a dove,
 How soon would I taste you again .
 My sorrows I then might assuage
 In the ways of religion and truth,
 Might learn from the wisdom of age,
 And be cheer'd by the sallies of youth

Religion ! what treasure untold
 Resides in that heavenly word !
 More precious than silver and gold,
 Or all that this earth can afford :
 But the sound of the church-going bell
 These valleys and rocks never heard,
 Ne'er sigh'd at the sound of a knell,
 Or smiled when a Sabbath appear'd.

Ye winds, that have made me your sport,
 Convey to this desolate shore
 Some cordial endearing report
 Of a land I shall visit no more.
 My friends, do they now and then send
 A wish or a thought after me ?
 O tell me I yet have a friend,
 Though a friend I am never to see.

How fleet is a glance of the mind !
 Compared with the speed of its flight,

The tempest itself lags behind,
 And the swift-winged arrows of light.
 When I think of my own native land,
 In a moment I seem to be there ;
 But, alas ! recollection, at hand,
 Soon hurries me back to despair.

But the sea-fowl has gone to her nest,
 The beast is laid down in his lair ;
 Even here is a season of rest,
 And I to my cabin repair.
 There is mercy in every place,
 And mercy, encouraging thought !
 Gives even affliction a grace,
 And reconciles man to his lot.

ADDRESS TO THE DEITY.

O, THOU ! whom eye hath seen not—nor shall see ;
 Whose way is in the deep !—whose steps unknown ;
 Enshrined, thyself, in clouds of mystery,
 Yet darting beams of heavenly brightness down !—
 Thou art my God ! and prostrate at thy throne,
 And firm in faith, and strengthen'd in thy power,
 I yield my all :—O God ! accept thine own,
 From the frail heart that seeks to know no more
 Than that thou liv'st and reign'st—to tremble and
 adore !

O ! let my soul, content to worship Thee,
 Each daring thought, each prouder wish resign,

Till thine own voice shall set the spirit free,
 And mortal knowledge ripen to divine !
 Perhaps (forgive that daring hope of mine)
 Thine eye of grace the humbler prayer may view,
 And bid thy heavenly light more brightly shine
 On those who, panting for its beams, yet knew
 To wait in patient hope—till death the veil undrew !

O ! not on doubt's interminable main
 Let my frail bark by varying winds be cross'd ;
 Where human aid, alas ! but shows in vain,
 To the wreck'd wretch, the port for ever lost !
 Who shall assuage thy griefs, "thou tempest-
 toss'd !"

And speak of comfort, "Comfortless !" to thee ?
 Who but the Power that knows thy weakness most ?
 And in his own good time can set thee free,
 Spreading the oil of Peace o'er thy tumultuous sea !

And let not him who never felt a fear,
 Safe in his pride of heart, thy woes deride :
 Perhaps that scornful eye or brow severe
 Hath thoughts less hallow'd than thine own to hide.
 Even the dark days of doubt have purified
 Thy chasten'd soul from many an earthly stain,
 And driven afar the demon power of Pride,
 That once had mark'd thee in his menial train,
 But now hath lost his slave, and spreads his lures in
 vain !

Poor child of darkness ! happier in thy tears—
 Happier than they that mock them as they flow ;
 With all thy doubts, thy weakness, and thy fears,
 Thy heart hath learn'd this simple truth to know,—

That not to man, whose dwelling is below,
 Whose brother is the worm, whose bed the dust—
 Partner with thee in want, and guilt, and wo,—
 Doth God the records of thy deeds intrust ;
 But He alone is Judge—whose law alone is just.

Father of light ! whose loveliest name is Love !
 Whose throne the contrite seek, the guilty fly,—
 Thou art my God : around, beneath, above,
 I see no frowns—no terror in thine eye !
 All breathes of that pervading harmony
 Which draws from present ill the future good ;
 All points our spirits to that peaceful sky,
 Where, banish'd far, nor sorrow's wayward mood,
 Nor fancy's evil train, nor real ills intrude !

But who shall know Thee, and be known of Thee,
 When thou, Great Shepherd ! call'st us to thy fold ?
 • And who shall taste thy glorious liberty,
 And, " face to face," thine awful form behold ?
 O, God ! O, Father ! mould our spirits—mould
 To thine each purpose of the obedient heart ;
 Shake off the mists that now our eyes infold ;
 Let every fear but fear of thee depart ;
 And let us see thy face and know thee as THOU ART !

THE VILLAGE CHURCH.

I LOVE the organ's joyous swell,
 Sweet echo of the heavenly ode ;
 I love the cheerful village bell,
 Faint emblem of the call of God ;
 Waked by the sound, I bend my feet,
 I bid my swelling sorrows cease ;
 I do but touch the mercy-seat,
 And hear the " still small voice " of peace.

And as the ray of evening fades,
 I love amidst the dead to stand,
 Where, in the altar's deepening shades,
 I seem to meet the ghostly band :
 One comes—Oh mark his sparkling eye,
 The light of glory kindles there ;
 Another,—hear his deep-drawn sigh—
 Oh, 't is the sigh of dumb despair !

Another treads the shadowy aisle,
 I know him—'t is my sainted sire—
 I know his patient, angel smile,
 His shepherd's voice, his eye of fire :
 His ashes rest in yonder urn ;
 I saw his death ; I closed his eye ;
 Bright sparks amidst those ashes burn,
 That death has taught me how to die.

Long be our Father's temple ours,
 Wo to the hand by which it falls ;

A thousand spirits watch its bowers,
 A cloud of angels guard its walls,
 And be *their* shield by us possess'd ;
 Lord, rear around the blest abode,
 The buttress of a holy breast,
 The rampart of a present God.

IS THERE A GOD ?

ANSWERED BY AN APPEAL TO MORNING, NOON, AND
 NIGHT.

Now breathes the ruddy MORN around
 His health-restoring gales,
 And from the chambers of the east
 A flood of light prevails.

Is there a God ? Yon rising sun
 An answer meet supplies,
 Writes it in flame upon the earth,
 Proclaims it round the skies.

The pendent clouds that curtain round
 This sublunary ball,
 And firmament on high, reveal
 A God that governs all.

The warbling lark, in realms of air,
 Has trill'd her matin lay ;
 The balmy breeze of morn is fled,—
 It is the Noon of day.

Is there a God? Hark ! from on high
 His thunder shakes the poles ;
 I hear his voice in every wind,
 In every wave that rolls.

I read a record of his love,
 His wisdom and his power,
 Inscribed in all created things—
 Man, beast, and herb and flower.

The sultry sun has left the skies,
 And day's delights are flown ;
 The owlet screams amid the shade,
 And NIGHT resumes the throne.

Is there a God? With sacred fear,
 I upward turn mine eyes ;
 There is ! each glittering lamp of light—
 There is ! my soul replies.

If such convictions to my mind
 His works aloud impart ;
 O, let the wisdom of his word
 Inscribe them on my heart :

That while I ponder on his deeds,
 And read his truth divine,
 Nature may point me to a God,
 And grace may make him mine.

THE BIBLE.

It is the one True Light,
 That, when all other lamps grow dim,
 Shall never burn less purely bright,
 Nor lead astray from Him.

It is Love's blessed band,
 That reaches from the eternal throne
 To him—whoe'er he be—whose hand
 Will seize it for his own !

It is the Golden Key
 To treasures of celestial wealth,
 Joy to the sons of poverty,
 And to the sick man, health !

The gently proffer'd aid
 Of one who knows us, and can best
 Supply the beings he has made
 With what will make them bless'd.

It is the sweetest sound
 That infant years delight to hear,
 Travelling across that holy ground,
 With God and angels near.

There rests the weary head,
 There age and sorrow love to go ;
 And how it smooths the dying bed,
 O ! let the Christian show !

SONNET.

THE GOD OF THE STORM AND THE WHIRLWIND.

THOU thy stern robe of terrors hast put on,
 O mighty Ruler of the winds and waves !
 The spirit bows to thee !—from ocean caves
 Even to the expansive heaven of heavens, thy throne,
 All elements, all beings trembling own
 The greatness of thy presence. 'T is the hour
 Of vast, unmitigated, boundless power,
 And the heart bends to Thee, and Thee alone.
 Most Mighty ! O how bless'd to feel and know,
 Even in this hour of dread, that dear to thee
 Is the confiding spirit. Ye may blow,
 Fierce tempests ! but to pass His fix'd decree,
 Or 'gainst His will one moment's war to wage,
 Is more than ye can do, with all your swelling rage.

PEACE.

SWEET Peace, where dost thou dwell?—I humbly
 ' crave
 Let me once know.
 I sought thee in a secret cave,
 And ask'd if Peace were there.
 A hollow sound did seem to answer, " No :
 Go, seek elsewhere."

I did, and, going, did a rainbow note.

“Surely,” thought I,

“This is the lace of Peace’s coat ;

I will search out the matter.”

But, while I look’d, the clouds immediately

Did break and scatter.

Then went I to a garden, and did spy

A gallant flower—

The Crown Imperial. “Sure,” said I,

“Peace at the root must dwell.”

But, when I digg’d, I saw a worm devour

What show’d so well.

At length, I met a reverend, good old man ;

Whom, when for Peace

I did demand, he thus began :—

“There was a prince of old

In Salem dwelt, who lived with good increase

Of flock and fold.

“He sweetly lived ; yet sweetness did not save

His life from foes :

But, after death, out of his grave

There sprang twelve stalks of wheat,

Which many, wondering at, got some of those,

To plant and set.

“It prosper’d strangely, and did soon disperse

Through all the earth.

For they that taste it do rehearse,

That virtue lies therein ;

A secret virtue, bringing peace and mirth,

By flight from sin.

"Take of this grain, which in my garden grows,
 And grows for you :
 Make bread of it ; and that repose
 And peace which everywhere
 With so much earnestness you do pursue,
 Is only there."

THE DEATH OF THE VIRTUOUS.

SWEET is the scene when virtue dies !
 When sinks a righteous soul to rest,
 How mildly beam the closing eyes !
 How gently heaves the expiring breast !

So fades a summer cloud away ;
 So sinks the gale when storms are o'er ;
 So gently shuts the eye of day ;
 So dies a wave along the shore.

Triumphant smiles the victor brow,
 Fann'd by some angel's purple wing :
 Where is, O Grave ! thy victory now ?
 And where, insidious Death ! thy sting ?

Farewell, conflicting joys and fears,
 Where light and shade alternate dwell :
 How bright the unchanging morn appears !
 Farewell, inconstant world, farewell !

Its duty done—as sinks the clay,
 Light from its load the spirit flies ;
 While heaven and earth combine to say,
 " Sweet is the scene when virtue dies."

LOVE TO CHRIST.

IF Love, the noblest, purest, best,
 If Truth, all other truth above,
 Will claim returns from every breast,
 O, surely Jesus claims our love !

OUR LOVE ! yea, sooner may the hand
 Forget its office, than the heart,
 Once taught His love to understand,
 Desert its own appointed part.

There's not a hope, with comfort fraught,
 Triumphant over death and time,
 But Jesus mingles in that thought,
 Forerunner of our course sublime.

His image meets me in the hour
 Of joy, and brightens every smile ;
 I see him when the tempests lower,
 Each terror soothe, each grief beguile.

I see him in the daily round
 Of social duty, mild and meek ;
 With him I tread the hallow'd ground,
 Communion with my God to seek.

I see his pitying, gentle eye,
 When lonely want appeals for aid ;
 I hear him in the frequent sigh,
 That mourns the waste which sin has made.

I meet him at the lowly tomb ;
 I weep where Jesus wept before ;
 And there, above the grave's dark gloom,
 I see him rise—and weep no more.

Does friendship gild my favor'd state,
 O faithful to the last ! be mine
 Thy blessed course to emulate,
 And pray for truth, for love like thine !

Then ask me not to live, and be
 A stranger to that generous flame,
 Which warms, and, to eternity,
Must warm my soul at Jesus' name.

ORIENTAL ILLUSTRATION OF A CHRIS- TIAN PRECEPT.

FORGIVE thy foes ;—nor that alone,
 Their evil deeds with good repay,
 Fill those with joy who leave thee none,
 And kiss the hand upraised to slay.

So does the fragrant sandal* bow,
 In meek forgiveness, to its doom ;
 And o'er the axe, at every blow,
 Sheds in abundance rich perfume.

* An aromatic tree.

UPON THE DEATH OF A WIFE.

WHOE'ER, like me, with trembling anguish brings
 His dearest earthly treasure to these springs ;
 Whoe'er, like me, to soothe distress and pain,
 Shall court these salutary springs in vain,
 Condemn'd, like me, to hear the faint reply,
 To mark the fading cheek, the sinking eye,
 From the chill brow to wipe the damps of death,
 And watch, in dumb despair, the shortening breath ;—
 If chance should bring him to this humble line,
 Let the sad mourner know his pangs were mine,—
 Ordain'd to lose the partner of my breast,
 Whose virtue warm'd me, and whose beauty bless'd,
 Framed every tie that binds the heart to prove,
 Her duty friendship, and her friendship love.
 But yet, remembering that the parting sigh
 Appoints the just to slumber, not to die,
 The starting tear I check'd,—I kiss'd the rod,—
 And not to earth resign'd her, but to God !

SILENT WORSHIP.

LET deepest silence all around
Its peaceful shelter spread ;
So shall that living word abound,
The word that wakes the dead.

How sweet to wait upon the Lord
In stillness and in prayer !
What though no preacher speak the word,
A minister is there :

A minister of wondrous skill,
True graces to impart ;
He teaches all the Father's will,
And preaches to the heart.

He dissipates the coward's fears,
And bids the coldest glow ;
He speaks, and lo ! the softest tears
Of deep contrition flow.

He knows to bend the heart of steel,
He bows the loftiest soul ;
O'er all we think and all we feel,
How matchless his control !

And ah ! how precious is his love,
In tenderest touches given ;
It whispers of the bliss above,
And stays the soul on heaven.

From mind to mind in streams of joy
 The holy influence spreads ;
 'T is peace, 't is praise, without alloy,
 For God that influence sheds.

To thee, O God, we still will pray,
 And praise thee as before ;
 For this, thy glorious gospel-day,
 Teach us to praise thee more.

HEAVEN.

WEEP, mourner, for the joys that fade
 Like evening lights away—
 For hopes, that, like the stars decay'd,
 Have left thy mortal clay.
 Yet clouds of sorrow will dispart,
 And brilliant skies be given ;
 And though on earth the tear may start,
 Yet bliss awaits the holy heart
 Amid the bowers of heaven ;
 Where songs of praise are ever sung,
 To angel harp, by angel tongue.

Weep, mourner, for the friends that pass
 Into the lonesome grave,
 As breezes sweep the wither'd grass
 Along the whelming wave ;
 Yet though thy pleasures may depart,
 And darksome days be given,
 And lonely though on earth thou art,

Yet bliss awaits the holy heart,
 When friends rejoin in heaven,
 Where streams of joy glide ever on,
 Around the Lord's eternal throne.

A CHURCH-YARD SCENE.

How sweet and solemn, all alone,
 With reverent steps, from stone to stone
 In a small village church-yard lying,
 O'er intervening flowers to move,
 And, as we read the names unknown,
 Of young and old, to judgment gone,
 And hear, in the calm air above,
 Time onwards softly flying,
 To meditate, in Christian love,
 Upon the dead and dying!

* * * * *

Such is the scene around me now:—
 A little church-yard on the brow
 Of a green, pastoral hill :
 Its sylvan village sleeps below,
 And faintly, here, is heard the flow
 Of Woodburn's summer rill ;
 A place where all things mournful meet,
 And, yet, the sweetest of the sweet,
 The stillest of the still !

With what a pensive beauty fall
 Across the mossy, mouldering wall

That rose-tree's cluster'd arches ! See !
 The robin-redbreast, warily,
 Bright through the blossoms leaves his nest :
 Sweet ingrate ! through the winter blest
 At the firesides of men,—but shy
 Through all the sultry summer hours
 He hides himself among the flowers,
 In his own wild festivity.

What lulling sound, and shadow cool
 Hangs half the darken'd church-yard o'er,
 From thy green depths so beautiful,
 Thou gorgeous sycamore !
 Oft have the holy wine and bread
 Been blest beneath thy murmuring tent,
 Where many a bright and hoary head
 Bow'd at that awful sacrament.
 Now, all beneath the turf are laid
 On which they sat, and sang, and pray'd.

Above that consecrated tree
 Ascends the tapering spire, that seems
 To lift the soul up silently
 To heaven, with all its dreams ;
 While in the belfry, deep and low,
 From his heaved bosom's purple gleams
 The dove's continuous murmurs flow,
 A dirge-like song, half bliss, half wo,
 The voice so lonely seems.

A PRAYER,
UNDER THE PRESSURE OF VIOLENT ANGUISH.

O THOU Great Being ! what thou art
Surpasses me to know ;
Yet sure I am that known to thee
Are all thy works below.

Thy creature here before thee stands,
All wretched and distress'd ;
Yet sure those ills that wring my soul
Obey thy high behest.

Sure thou, Almighty, canst not act
From cruelty or wrath !
O, free my weary eyes from tears,
Or close them fast in death !

But if I must afflicted be,
To suit some wise design ;
Then man my soul with firm resolves
To bear, and not repine !

PARENTS.

EXODUS XX. 12.

THE voice of nature, yea, the voice of God,
 Commands to honor those that gave us birth,—
 Even her, from whose supporting bosom flow'd
 By far the sweetest stream that flows on earth;
 Whose tongue of kindness never knew a dearth
 Of soothing words that could our griefs allay—
 Even him who listen'd to our prattling mirth,
 Who early taught our infant lips to pray,
 And led our tottering steps to walk in wisdom's way

A parent is indeed a tender friend,
 And if once lost, we never more shall find
 A bosom that so tremblingly can blend
 Its feelings with our own congenial mind;
 Our lips may speak their anguish to the wind
 That hurries heedlessly and wildly by—
 Our hearts, to lonely agony consign'd,
 May throb without relief—for no reply
 Comes from the mouldering breasts that in their grave
 bed lie.

And then we pause to think—alas! how late!—
 Of deeds that wrung a parent's heart with pain;
 And oh! could we but open death's dark gate,
 And lead them back into the world again—

Oh! but once more to see their face!—'t is vain!—
 Once more to hear their voice!—'t is sweetly driven
 Across our fancy, and expires,—and then
 We wish ourselves away—away to heaven,
 To weep upon their breast, and there to be forgiven.

SACRED LYRIC.

WHERE can I go from Thee!
 All-present Deity!
 Nature, and Time, and Thought, thine impress bear;
 Through earth, or sea, or sky,
 Though wide and far I fly,
 I turn, and find Thee present with me there.

The perfume of the rose,
 And every flower that blows,
 All mark thy love; the clusters of the vale,
 The corn that crowns the fields,
 The fruits the garden yields,
 Proclaim the bounties that can never fail.

The vapor and the cloud,
 The thunder bursting loud,
 Speak of thy majesty in words of flame;
 The ocean as it roars,
 Lashing the rocks and shores,
 Declares from what a mighty hand it came.

The vasty globes that roll,
 Each on his own firm pole,
 Through all the boundless fields of space alone,

Prove that, indeed, Thou art
 The life-wheel and the heart
 Of systems to our little world unknown.

From thee I cannot fly;
 Thine all-observing eye
 Marks the minutest atom of thy reign;
 How far soe'er I go,
 Thou all my path wouldst know,
 And bring the wanderer to this earth again.

But why should I depart?
 'Tis safety where thou art;
 And could one favor'd spot thy being hold,
 I, poor, and vain, and weak,
 That sacred spot would seek,
 And dwell within the shelter of thy fold!

A THOUGHT ON THE SEA-SHORE.

Beyond, beyond that boundless sea,
 Above that dome of sky,
 Further than thought itself can flee,
 Thy dwelling is on high:
 Yet dear the awful thought to me,
 That thou, my God, art nigh:—
 Art nigh, and yet my laboring mind
 Feels after thee in vain,
 Thee in these works of power to find,
 Or to thy seat attain.

Thy messenger, the stormy wind,
Thy path, the trackless main—

These speak of thee with loud acclaim ;
They thunder forth thy praise,
The glorious honor of thy name,
The wonders of thy ways :
But thou art not in tempest-flame,
Nor in day's glorious blaze.

We hear thy voice, when thunders roll,
Through the wide fields of air ;
The waves obey thy dread control ;—
Yet still thou art not there.
Where shall I find him, O my soul,
Who yet is everywhere ?

O, not in circling depth, or height,
But in the conscious breast,
Present to faith, though veil'd from sight,
There does his spirit rest.
O come, thou Presence Infinite,
And make thy creature blest.

TO A FRIEND UNDER CALUMNY.

" 'T is from the Lord," the humbled monarch cried,
 " Even let him curse." And so he kiss'd the rod,
 O'erlook'd the injurer, and bow'd to God.
 O majesty of meekness, which defied
 The impotence of tongues, and calm relied
 On him who judgeth righteously ! " From men
 Who are thy sword,"—so pray'd the sufferer then,—
 " From evil tongues, thy scourge, and men of pride,
 O Lord, deliver me !" Yet, who can tell,
 But those who have endured, how keen the pain
 That Slander's fangs, tongues set on fire of hell,
 And venom'd whispers that inflict a stain,
 Can cause the innocent man ? But O, 't is great
 Meekly to suffer wrong, and feel it causeless hate.

BENEFIT OF TRIALS.

WHEN thou art in thy chamber, and thy knee
 Is bow'd in love to the Omnipotent,
 And when thy soul before his throne is bent,
 Ask not for prosperous things ; but pray that he
 Will purify thee with the chastisement
 Of earthly wo and trouble, which are sent
 To fit the high soul for eternity.

It is not in the summer tide of life
 That the heart hoards its treasures : it is when
 The storm is loud, and the rude hurricane
 Of sorrow is abroad ; when solemn strife,
 Such as may move the souls of constant men,
 Is struggling in our bosoms,—it is then
 The heart collects her stores with wisdom rife.

For sadness teaches us the truth of things
 Which had been hid beneath the crown of flowers
 Which gladness wears ; and the few silent hours
 Of quiet, heavenward thought which sorrow brings,
 Are better than a life in pleasure's bowers,
 Drinking the poisonous chalice which she pours,
 To quench our heavenlier spirits' murmurings.

Seek thou the storms of life ; fly not the trial
 That binds the conqueror's wreath upon thy brow ;
 And faint not, though the tears of anguish flow,
 And though upon thy head the angry vial
 Of fate be pour'd : but with the conscious glow
 Of honorable thought and deed below,
 Look to that Power who watch'd thy self-denial.

THE CURSE OF CAIN.

GENESIS IV. 15, 16.

O THE wrath of the Lord is a terrible thing!
 Like the tempest that withers the blossoms of spring,
 Like the thunder that bursts on the summer's domain,
 It fell on the head of the homicide Cain.

And lo! like a deer in the fright of a chase,
 With a fire in his heart, and a brand on his face,
 He speeds him afar to the desert of Nod—
 A vagabond smote by the vengeance of God.

All nature to him has been blasted and bann'd,
 For the blood of a brother yet reeks on his hand;
 And no vintage has grown, and no fountain has sprung
 For cheering his heart, or for cooling his tongue.

The groans of a father his slumber shall start,
 And the tears of a mother shall pierce to his heart,
 And the kiss of his children shall scorch him like flame,
 When he thinks of the curse that hangs over his name.

And the wife of his bosom—the faithful and fair—
 Can mix no sweet drop in his cup of despair;
 For her tender caress, and her innocent breath,
 But stir in his soul the hot embers of wrath.

And his offering may blaze—unregarded by Heaven;
 And his spirit may pray—yet remain unforgiven;
 And his grave may be closed—but no rest to him bring:
 O the wrath of the Lord is a terrible thing!

TO-MORROW.

PROVERBS XXVII. 2.

TO-MORROW!—mortal, boast not thou
Of time and tide that are not now!
But think, in one revolving day
How earthly things may pass away!

To-day—while hearts with rapture spring,
The youth to beauty's lip may cling;
To-morrow—and that lip of bliss
May sleep unconscious of his kiss.

To-day—the blooming spouse may press
Her husband in a fond caress;
To-morrow—and the hands that press'd
May wildly strike her widow'd breast.

To-day—the clasping babe may drain
The milk-stream from its mother's vein;
To-morrow—like a frozen rill,
That bosom-current may be still.

To-day—thy merry heart may feast
On herb and fruit, and bird and beast;
To-morrow—spite of all thy glee,
The hungry worms may feed on thee.

To-morrow!—mortal, boast not thou
Of time and tide that are not now!
But think, in one revolving day
That even thyself mayest pass away.

TIME.

JOB IX. 25, 26.

Time speeds away—away—away :
Another hour—another day—
Another month—another year—
Drop from us like the leaflets sere ;
Drop like the life-blood from our hearts ;
The rose-bloom from the cheek departs,
The tresses from the temples fall,
The eyes grow dim and strange to all.

Time speeds away—away—away :
Like torrent in a stormy day,
He undermines the stately tower,
Uproots the tree, and snaps the flower ;
And sweeps from our distracted breast
The friends that loved—the friends that bless'd :
And leaves us weeping on the shore,
To which they can return no more.

Time speeds away—away—away :
No eagle through the skies of day,
No wind along the hills, can flee
So swiftly or so smooth as he.
Like fiery steed, from stage to stage
He bears us on—from youth to age ;
Then plunges in the fearful sea
Of fathomless Eternity

THE WORLD DELUSIVE.

THIS world is all a fleeting show,
 For man's illusion given ;
 The smiles of joy, the tears of wo,
 Deceitful shine, deceitful flow :
 There 's nothing true but heaven !

And false the light on glory's plume,
 As fading hues of even ;
 And love, and hope, and beauty's bloom,
 Are blossoms gather'd for the tomb :
 There 's nothing bright but heaven !

Poor wanderers of a stormy day,
 From wave to wave we 're driven ;
 And fancy's flash, and reason's ray,
 Serve but to light the troubled way :
 There 's nothing calm but heaven !

TO LAURA, TWO YEARS OF AGE.

BRIGHT be the skies that cover thee,
 Child of the sunny brow—
 Bright as the dream flung over thee
 By all that meets thee now.
 Thy heart is beating joyously,
 Thy voice is like a bird's,

And sweetly breaks the melody
 Of thy imperfect words.
 I know no fount that gushes out
 As gladly as thy tiny shout.

I would that thou might'st ever be
 As beautiful as now,—
 That Time might ever leave as free
 Thy yet unwritten brow.
 I would life were "all poetry"
 To gentle measure set,
 That nought but chasten'd melody
 Might stain thine eye of jet—
 Nor one discordant note be spoken,
 Till God the cunning harp hath broken.

I would—but deeper things than these
 With woman's lot are wove ;
 Wrought of intenser sympathies,
 And nerved by purer love—
 By the strong spirit's discipline,
 By the fierce wrong forgiven,
 By all that wrings the heart of sin,
 Is woman won to heaven.
 "Her lot is on thee," lovely child—
 God keep thy spirit undefiled !

I fear thy gentle loveliness,
 Thy witching tone and air,
 Thine eye's beseeching earnestness,
 May be to thee a snare.
 The silver stars may purely shine,
 The waters taintless flow—

But they who kneel at woman's shrine
 Breathe on it as they bow—
 Ye may fling back the gift again,
 But the crush'd flower will leave a stain.

What shall preserve thee, beautiful child ?
 Keep thee as thou art now ?
 Bring thee, a spirit undefiled,
 At God's pure throne to bow ?
 The world is but a broken reed,
 And life grows early dim—
 Who shall be near thee in thy need,
 To lead thee up—to Him ?
 He, who himself was "undefiled :"
 With Him we trust thee, beautiful child !

MORNING AND EVENING CONTRASTED.

THE morning sun ! the morning sun !
 How o'er the earth its lustres move,
 When its first glance it throws upon
 The bright, the glowing heaven above.
 The birds seek now each verdant spray,
 Now glide on light and joyous wing,
 To pour on air their roundelay—
 To wake on high their carolling.

The soul of halcyon repose
 Sleeps on the soft and silver air ;
 The zephyr's breath is on the rose,
 And on the woodbine's blossoms fair.

The dew reflects the orient sun,
 Whose magic tints to it are given ;
 Oh ! man's fond eye ne'er look'd upon
 A fairer earth or brighter heaven !

The morning sun ! the morning sun !
 Joy wakes to view its glorious spread,
 When night hath chased the cloud of dun,
 Whose gloomy folds waved overhead.
 When nature wakes from soft repose,
 While sports young May in earth's green bowers,
 Joy wakes to breathe the fragrant rose,
 The woodbine's rich and matchless flowers ;

To dash with footfall light away
 From the green sward the dews of heaven ;
 To list the wild birds' varied lay,
 While on the breeze their plumes are given.
 How blest is joy's o'erflowing heart,
 To bask beneath the golden dawn—
 To view the sun his light impart
 To the bright flowers and dewy lawn !

The dying sun ! the dying sun !
 How sink its languid rays to rest,
 When twilight throws his shroud upon
 The pale and melancholy west !
 The rose which bloom'd in early May,
 Droops now on its deserted stem ;
 O'er its sere leaves and blighted spray
 Pours the night wind its requiem !

The birds which sung in summer's light,
 And danced on light and purple wing,

Wake not the tuneless ear of night—
 Hush'd is their blithesome carolling!
 Their rest is where their song hath been :
 They sleep upon each faded flower—
 Ah ! earth can show no sadder scene
 Than meets the eye at twilight's hour !

The dying sun ! the dying sun !
 Oh ! sorrow loves its fading light—
 It breathes a kindred glow upon
 The breast wrapt in the gloom of night !
 Pale sorrow loves the wither'd spray,
 The flower o'er which the blight hath pass'd ;
 These speak of rapture pass'd away,
 Of cherish'd hours too bright to last !

What though the wild birds' loved retreat
 Gives back no more their warblings dear ;
 The strain of gladness is not meet
 For sorrow's lone and tuneless ear !
 Better to list the breeze of night
 O'er each sere leaf and dying flower ;
 Ah ! sorrow's eye can know no sight
 More welcome than pale twilight's hour !

MATTHEW VII. 26, 27.

BUILD'ST thou on Wealth ?—its wings are ever spread
 Its trusting votaries to elude and foil;
 On Science ?—see ! his favorite sons have fled
 Like the pale lamp that lit their midnight toil,
 Forgotten as the flower that deck'd the vernal soil.

Build'st thou on Love ?—the simple heart it cheers
 When high in health and all around is gay,
 Yet leads to folly, vanity, and tears ;—
 Build'st thou on Fame ?—the dancing meteor's ray
 Glides not more swift, more unperceived away.

Ah ! why on sands like these thy temple rear ?
 How shall its base the storms and billows shun ?
 Seek the Eternal Rock with humble fear,
 And on the tablet of each setting sun
 Grave with a diamond's point some deed of duty
 done.

If thou art young—the words of wisdom weigh,
 Mature—the gathering ills of life beware,
 Aged—O, make His mighty arm thy stay,
 Who saves the weakest suppliant from despair,
 And bids the darken'd tomb a robe of glory wear.

IMITATION FROM THE PERSIAN.

LORD ! who art merciful as well as just,
 Incline thine ear to me, a child of dust !
 Not what I would, O Lord ! I offer thee,
 Alas ! but what I can.

Father Almighty, who hast made me man,
 And bade me look to Heaven, for thou art there,
 Accept my sacrifice and humble prayer.
 Four things which are not in thy treasury,
 I lay before thee, Lord, with this petition :—
 My nothingness ; my wants ;
 My sins ; and my contrition !

LINES,

WRITTEN BY CHRISTOPHER SMART, WHILE CONFINED IN
 A MAD-HOUSE, AND INDENTED WITH A KEY IN THE
 WAINSCOT.

He sung of God, the mighty source
 Of all things, the stupendous force
 On which all things depend :
 From whose right arm, beneath whose eyes,
 All period, power and enterprise
 Commence, and reign, and end.

The world, the clustering spheres, he made,
 The glorious light, the soothing shade,
 Dale, champaign, grove and hill ;

The multitudinous abyss
Where Secrecy remains in bliss,
And Wisdom hides her skill.

Tell them I AM, Jehovah said
To Moses, while earth heard in dread,
And, smitten to the heart,
At once above, beneath, around,
All nature, without voice or sound,
Replied, O Lord, THOU ART.

FLOWERS.

HE who delights to trace, with serious thought,
In all he sees the noiseless steps of TIME,
Shall find the outward forms of Nature fraught
With ample food for many a lofty rhyme ;
Or should he fear such dazzling heights to climb,
And love to tread a less aspiring way,
Leaving untouch'd the awful and sublime,
And seeking humbler objects to portray,
May find in such the theme of many a pleasing lay.

What though the glorious Sun, enthroned on high,
May more conspicuously this lesson teach ;
Or Moon and Stars, which gem the midnight sky,
A yet more touching homily may preach,
As day to day still utters ceaseless speech,
And night to night yet added knowledge shows,—
Far lowlier objects to the heart may reach,
And Wisdom purest precepts may disclose,
Cull'd from the *Lily's* bloom, or gather'd from the *Rose* !

Yes, you, delightful handiworks of Him

Who arch'd the Heavens and spann'd this solid
Earth,

Before whose glory day's proud light is dim,

And Art's achievements, if not food for mirth,
Display, at best, its barrenness and dearth,—

You, too, instruct us, and with "line on line,
Precept on precept," show us by your birth,

Your bud, your blossoming, and your decline,
Time's never-ceasing flight, and tell us truths divine.

You, as the changing Seasons roll along,

Still wait on each, and added beauties lend :—

Around the smiling Spring a lovely throng

With eager rivalry her steps attend ;

Others with Summer's brighter glories blend ;

Some grace mild Autumn's more majestic mien ;

While some few lingering blooms the brow befriend

Of hoary Winter, and with grace serene

Inwreath the King of storms with Mercy's gentler
sheen.

Nor do ye, while ye thus declare the flight

Of Times and Seasons, want yet deeper lore ;

In you, with eager and unsated sight,

The gentle Moralist may such explore :—

Even Religion's voice has heretofore

Pointed a moral, and adorn'd a tale,

By illustration from your ample store ;

Nor could such striking illustration fail

When thus the Savior preach'd, his text the lilies
pale :—

"Consider ye the lilies of the field,
 Which neither toil nor spin; not regal pride,
 In all its plenitude of pomp reveal'd,
 Could hope to charm, their beauties placed beside.
 If heavenly goodness thus for them provide,
 Which bloom to-day, and wither on the morrow,
 Shall not your wants be from your God supplied,
 Without your vain anxiety and sorrow,
 O ye of little faith? from these a lesson borrow!"

If such the soothing precepts taught from you,
 Beautiful blossoms! well may ye appear
 As silent preachers in the Christian's view;
 And while ye decorate the changeful year,
 Imbued with power the mourner's heart to cheer,—
 Not gratifying merely outward sense
 By tints and odors,—but dispelling fear,
 Awakening hope, by your intelligence,
 And strengthening humble faith in God's omnipotence!

Come forth, then, lovely heralds of the Spring!
 Leave at your Maker's call your earthly bed;
 At his behest your grateful tribute bring
 To light and life, from darkness and the dead!
 Thou timid *Snowdrop*, lift thy lowly head;
Crocus and *Primrose*, show your varied dye;
Violets, your ceaseless odors round you shed,
 Yourselves the while retiring from the eye,
 Yet loading with your sweets each breeze that passes
 by.

And you, in gay variety that grace,
 In later months, with beauty the parterre,

“ Making a sunshine in the shady place,”

As Una and her milk-white lamb were there ;
Arise ! arise ! and in your turns declare

The power of Him who has not only made
The depths of Ocean, and the heights of Air,
And Earth’s magnificence, but has display’d
In you that power and skill with beauty’s charms
array’d.

Uplift, proud *Sunflower*, to thy favorite orb

That disk whereon his brightness loves to dwell ;
And, as thou seem’st his radiance to absorb,

Proclaim thyself the garden’s sentinel.

And thou, too, gentle, modest *Heather-bell*,

Gladden thy lonely birthplace ; *Jasmines*, spread
Your starlike blossoms, fragrant to the smell ;

You, *Evening Primroses*, when day has fled,
Open your pallid flowers, by dews and moonlight fed.

And where my favorite Abbey rears on high

Its crumbling ruins, on their loftiest crest,
Ye *Wall-flowers*, shed your tints of golden dye,

On which the morning sunbeams love to rest,—
On which, when glory gilds the glowing west,

The parting splendors of the day’s decline,
With fascination to the heart address’d,

So tenderly and beautifully shine,
As if reluctant still to leave that hoary shrine.

Convolvulus, expand thy cup-like flower,

Graceful in form, and beautiful in hue ;

Clematis, wreath afresh thy garden bower ;

Ye loftier *Lilies*, bathed in morning’s dew,

Of purity and innocence renew

Each lovely thought ; and ye whose lowlier pride
In sweet seclusion seems to shrink from view,

You of *the Valley* named, no longer hide
Your blossoms, meet to twine the brow of chastest
bride.

And thou, so rich in gentle names, appealing

To hearts that own our nature's common lot ;

Thou, styled by sportive Fancy's better feeling,

" *A Thought*," " *The Heart's Ease*," or " *Forget-me-not*,"

Who deck'st alike the peasant's garden-plot

And castle's proud parterre ; with humble joy

Revive afresh, by castle and by cot,

Hopes which ought not like things of time to cloy,

And feelings time itself shall deepen, not destroy.

Fruitless and endless were the task, I ween,

With every Flower to grace my votive lay ;

And unto Thee, their long-acknowledged QUEEN,

Fairest and loveliest ! and thy gentle sway,

Beautiful *Rose*, my homage I must pay,—

For how can minstrel leave thy charms unsung,

Whose meek supremacy has been alway

Confess'd in many a clime and many a tongue,

And in whose praise the harp of many a bard has rung ?

Mine is unworthy such a lovely theme ;

Yet could I borrow of that tuneful bird,

Who sings thy praises by the moon's pale beam,

(As Fancy's graceful legends have averr'd,)

Those thrilling harmonies at midnight heard,

With sounds of flowing waters,—not in vain

Should the loose strings of my rude harp be stirr'd
 By inspiration's breath, but one brief strain
 Should reassert thy rights, and celebrate thy reign.

Vain were the hope to rival bards, whose lyres,
 On such a theme, have left me nought to sing ;
 And one more plant my humbler Muse inspires,
 Round which my parting thoughts would fondly
 cling ;

Which, consecrate to Salem's peaceful King,
 Though fair as any gracing beauty's bower,
 Is link'd to Sorrow like a holy thing,
 And takes its name from suffering's fiercest hour ;—
 Be this thy noblest fame, imperial *Passion-flower* !

Whatever impulse first conferr'd that name,
 Or Fancy's dreams, or Superstition's art,
 I freely own its spirit-touching claim,
 With thoughts and feelings it may well impart :—
 Not that I would forego the surer chart
 Of REVELATION for a mere conceit ;
 Yet with indulgence may *the Christian's* heart
 Each frail memorial of his MASTER greet,
 And chiefly what recalls his love's most glorious feat.

Be this the closing tribute of my strain !
 Be this, fair flower ! of charms your last and best !
 That when THE SON OF GOD for man was slain,
 Circled by you, he sank awhile to rest,—
 Not the grave's captive, but the garden's guest,
 So pure and lovely was his transient tomb !
 And he, whose brow the *wreath of thorns* had prest,
 Not only bore for us Death's cruel doom,
 But won *the thornless crown* of amaranthine bloom.

TEN YEARS AGO.

TEN years ago, ten years ago,
 Life was to us a fairy scene;
 And the keen blasts of worldly wo
 Had seared not then its pathway green.
 Youth and its thousand dreams were ours,
 Feelings we ne'er can know again;
 Unwither'd hopes, unwasted powers,
 And frames unworn by mortal pain;—
 Such was the bright and genial glow
 Of life with us ten years ago.

Time hath not blanched a single hair
 That clusters round thy forehead now;
 Nor hath the cankering touch of care
 Left even one furrow on thy brow.
 Thine eyes are blue as when we met,
 In love's deep truth, in earlier years;
 Thy cheek of rose is blooming yet,
 Though sometimes stain'd by secret tears;
 But where, oh where's the *spirit's* glow,
 That shone through all ten years ago?

I, too, am changed—I scarce know why,
 Can feel each flagging pulse decay;
 And youth, and health, and visions high,
 Melt like a wreath of snow away.
 Time cannot, sure, have wrought the ill;
 Though worn in this world's sickening strife,

In soul and form I linger still

In the first summer months of life,
Yet journey on my path below,
Oh, how unlike ten years ago !

But look not thus—I would not give

The wreck of hopes that thou must share,
To bid those joyous hours revive

When all around me seem'd so fair.

We've wander'd on in sunny weather,

When winds were low, and flowers in bloom,
And hand in hand have kept together,

And still will keep, 'mid storm and gloom,
Endear'd by ties we could not know,
When life was young, ten years ago.

Has fortune frown'd ? Her frowns were vain,

For hearts like ours she could not chill.

Have friends proved false ? Their love might wane,

But ours grew stronger, firmer still.

Twin barks on this world's changing wave,

Steadfast in calms, in tempests tried ;

In concert still our fate we'll brave,

Together cleave life's fitful tide—

Nor mourn, whatever winds may blow,

Youth's first wild dreams, ten years ago.

Have we not knelt beside his bed,

And watch'd our first-born blossom die ?

Hoped, till the shades of hope had fled,

Then wept, till sorrow's fount was dry ?

Was it not sweet, in that dark hour,

To think, 'mid mutual tears and sighs,

Our bud had left its earthly bower,
 And burst to bloom in paradise ?
 What to the thought that soothed that wo
 Were heartless joys ten years ago ?

Yes, it is sweet, when heaven is bright,
 To share its sunny beams with thee ;
 But sweeter far, 'mid clouds and blight,
 To have thee near to weep with me.
 Then dry those tears—though something changed
 From what we were in earlier youth,
 Time, that hath hopes and friends estranged,
 Hath left us love in all its truth ;—
 Sweet feelings we would not forego
 For life's last joy ten years ago.

ADAM AND EVE'S ALTERNATE HYMN.

ADAM.

THE all-quickenng light is rolling there,
 Which bids the shadowy forms emerge
 From yon horizon's furthest verge
 And flit across earth's bosom fair ;
 The song of birds salutes the day—
 A song whose chorus soars to Him
 Who pours on all his blessing's beam,
 And wakes the universal lay.
 Come, let us join that choral song ;
 Come, let our voices blend with theirs ;
 And as their praises float along
 We'll pour the incense of our prayers.

I'll lead the grateful hymn, my love !
 And thou a sweeter strain shalt bring ;
 How shall we celebrate—how sing
 The Spirit blest that reigns above !

EVE.

Yes ! let us sing of God—the spring,
 The source of all we feel and see ;
 What theme can be so blest as he—
 Director—Life-sustainer—King !
 Lift, lift, my love ! thy thoughts on high ;
 I'll follow their sublimest flight,
 And hill, and wood, and valley bright
 Shall to the joyous hymn reply.

ADAM.

O Father ! we approach thy throne,
 Who bidd'st the glorious sun arise ;
 All-good, Almighty, and All-wise !
 Great source of all things—God alone !
 We see thee, brighter than the rays
 Of the bright sun ; we see thee shine,
 As in a fountain's face—divine ;
 We see thee—endless Fount of days :
 We see thee, who our frames hast brought,
 With one swift word, from senseless clay—
 Waked, with one glance of heavenly ray,
 Our never-dying souls from nought.
 Those souls thou lightedst with the spark
 Of thy pure fire, and, gracious still,
 Gavest immortality, free will,
 And language, not involved, nor dark.

EVE.

God—God be praised ! who form'd us thus,
 He was, and is, and shall endure :
 Pure—he shall make all nature pure,
 And fix his dwelling here with us.
 What sweeter thought, what stronger token,
 Than that his everlasting hand
 Body and soul in holy band
 Hath bound, that never shall be broken !

ADAM.

'T is he whose kind and generous care,
 This lovely garden's range hath planted,
 Where nought that charms desire is wanted,
 And joy's a guest immortal here ;—
 The fount of life, whence waters living
 O'erspreading all the garden flow—
 Bright flowers upon their borders grow,
 While to the trees life's food they're giving.
 Here blooms the life-imparting tree,
 Whose fruit, just hid in silvery leaves,
 Makes man a spirit, and retrieves
 His weakness and satiety.
 The dews, from morning's vault that fall,
 Are honey'd manna on our tongue :
 Shall not his hallow'd praise be sung,
 Whom nature sings—the Source of all ?

EVE.

O blest be he who blessings pours !
 Who fills the heart with tenderness,
 And with his richest gifts will bless—
 He wondrous—whom our tongue adores.

A full, o'erflowing horn of good
 Upon our Eden he has shower'd,
 And peace, and hope, and joy embower'd
 In its sweet silent solitude.

ADAM.

Yes! now I feel the charm divine,
 Yes! now I feel the bliss, the pride,
 To press thee, dearest! to my side,
 And join my early vows to thine.
 A unity, in love cemented,
 Blest by thy presence, and by thee
 Gilded with smiles and purity,
 May make my exiled soul contented.
 O sister—daughter—fairest bride,
 What shall I call thee?—Paradise
 Has million flowers that smiling rise,
 To kiss thy feet well satisfied.

EVE.

Love! one shall be our will, and one
 Our fate, from the first dawn of day,
 When the bright sun begins his way,
 To when his weary course is done.
 Peace, tenderness, and joy—a shrine
 Sacred to cheerful love—and praise
 To him, the Lord of ceaseless days,
 Who blended thy fond heart with mine!

PRAISE AND GRATITUDE ON JEHOVAH'S DAY.

KING of the world ! I worship thee ;
 Lord of the mind ! the Sabbath 's thine :—
 A contrite heart, a bended knee,
 To-day shall be my corn, my wine.
 A choral song for sacrifice
 Will mount as fire, and heavenward own
 The green-leaved earth, through joys and sighs,
 A satellite round Mercy's throne.

The moon comes up to wake the dew,
 And hang a star on every leaf ;
 The sun can take a rainbow hue,
 To kiss away the meadow's grief ;
 The wave will lay its buoyance by,
 To let the cloud take anchor there ;
 Earth, through her flowers, salutes the sky ;
 The sky meets earth in balmy air.

And *I* was born to see and say
 How beauty beams, without, within :
 From the fly, made to gild a day,
 To my own soul, outliving sin.
 Even now I feel thy cherubim
 Have come to me from thee, All-wise !—
 Then, Silence, thou shalt be my hymn,
 And thought, my only sacrifice.

THERE IS A TONGUE IN EVERY LEAF.

THERE is a tongue in every leaf,
 A voice in every rill !
 A voice that speaketh everywhere,
 In flood and fire, through earth and air ;
 A tongue that 's never still !

'Tis the great spirit, wide diffused
 Through everything we see,
 That with our spirits communeth
 Of things mysterious—Life, and Death—
 Time—and Eternity !

I see him in the blazing sun,
 And in the thunder cloud ;
 I hear him in the mighty roar
 That rusheth through the forest hoar,
 When winds are piping loud.

I see him, hear him, *everywhere*,
 In *all things*—darkness, light,
 Silence, and sound ; but most of all,
 When slumber's dusky curtains fall
 At the dead hour of night.

I *feel* him in the silent dews,
 By grateful Earth betray'd ;
 I feel him in the gentle showers,
 The soft south wind, the breath of flowers,
 The sunshine, and the shade.

And yet—ungrateful that I am !—
 I've turned in sullen mood
 From all these things, whereof he said,
 When the great whole was finished,
 That they were "very good."

My sadness on the loveliest things
 Fell like unwholesome dew ;
 The darkness that encompass'd me,
 The gloom I felt so palpably,
 Mine own dark spirit threw.

Yet he was patient, slow to wrath,
 Though every day provoked
 By selfish, pining discontent,
 Acceptance cold or negligent,
 And promises revoked.

And still the same rich feast was spread
 For my insensate heart—
 Not always so—I woke again,
 To join Creation's rapturous strain,
 "O Lord ! how good thou art !"

The clouds drew up, the shadows fled,
 The glorious sun broke out ;
 And love, and hope, and gratitude
 Dispell'd that miserable mood
 Of darkness and of doubt.

THE GENIUS OF DEATH.

WHAT is Death ? 'Tis to be free !
 No more to love, or hope, or fear—
 To join the great equality :
 All alike are humble there !
 The mighty grave
 Wraps lord and slave ;
 Nor pride, nor poverty dares come
 Within that refuge-house, the tomb !

Spirit with the drooping wing,
 And the ever-weeping eye,
 Thou of all earth's kings art king !
 Empires at thy footstool lie !
 Beneath thee strow'd
 Their multitude
 Sink, like waves upon the shore ;
 Storms shall never rouse them more !

What's the grandeur of the earth
 To the grandeur round thy throne !
 Riches, glory, beauty, birth,
 To thy kingdom all have gone.
 Before thee stand
 The wondrous band— .
 Bards, heroes, sages, side by side,
 Who darken'd nations when they died !

Earth has hosts ; but thou canst show
 Many a million for her one ;

Through thy gates the mortal flow
 Has for countless years roll'd on ·
 Back from the tomb
 No step has come ;
 There fix'd, till the last thunder's sound
 Shall bid thy prisoners be unbound !

“EVERY PLANT WHICH MY HEAVENLY
 FATHER HATH NOT PLANTED, SHALL
 BE ROOTED UP.”

SWIFT the tempest strips the wood,
 Swift the sun dries up the flood ;
 Trophied domes and aisles decay,
 Tribes and empires melt away,
 Like the wreath of mountain snow,
 When summer's breeze begins to blow.

Error, like the flimsy sail
 Rent by every passing gale,
 Floats her moment on the stream,
 Glitters in the morning beam,
 Dares the breath of heaven to brave,
 And founders in the foaming wave.

Even the little garden flower,
 Once the joy of all the bower,
 Fondly watch'd from day to day,
 From its stem is swept away ;
 Yester morn, what bower so bright ?
 But, ah ! how desolate to-night !

Nought endures but thou, O Lord;
 Everlasting is thy word!
 Thou, the first, the midst, the end;
 Thou, the deathless, changeless friend:
 Grant us, Lord, beyond the skies,
 Flowers whose fragrance never dies.

IT IS GOOD TO BE HERE.

METHINKS it is good to be here;
 If thou wilt, let us build—but for whom?
 Nor Elias, nor Moses appear,
 But the shadows of eve that encompass the gloom,
 The abode of the dead, and the place of the tomb.

Shall we build to Ambition? Ah! no,
 Affrighted he shrinketh away;
 For see! they would pin him below
 To a small narrow cave, and begirt with cold clay,
 To the meanest of reptiles a peer and a prey.

To Beauty? Ah! no: she forgets
 The charms which she wielded before:
 Nor knows the foul worm that he frets
 The skin which, but yesterday, fools could adore
 For the smoothness it held or the tint which it wore.

Shall we build to the purple of Pride,
 The trappings which dizen the proud?
 Alas! they are all laid aside,

And here's neither dress nor adornment allow'd,
But the long winding-sheet and the fringe of the
shroud.

To Riches? Alas! 't is in vain,
Who hid in their turns have been hid :
The treasures are squander'd again ;
And here in the grave are all metals forbid,
But the tinsel that shone on the dark coffin-lid.

To the pleasures which Mirth can afford,
The revel, the laugh, and the jeer ?
Ah! here is a plentiful board,
But the guests are all mute as their pitiful cheer,
And none but the worm is a reveller here.

Shall we build to Affection and Love ?
Ah! no; they have wither'd and died,
Or fled with the spirit above,—
Friends, brothers, and sisters are laid side by side,
Yet none have saluted, and none have replied.

Unto Sorrow? The dead cannot grieve ;
Not a sob, not a sigh meets mine ear
Which compassion itself could relieve ;
Ah! sweetly they slumber, nor hope, love, or fear ;
Peace, peace is the watchword, the only one here.

Unto Death, to whom monarchs must bow ?
Ah! no; for his empire is known,
And here there are trophies enow ;
Beneath the cold dead, and around the dark stone,
Are the signs of a sceptre that none may disown.

The first tabernacle to Hope we will build,
 And look for the sleepers around us to rise ;
 The second to Faith, which ensures it fulfill'd ;
 And the third to the Lamb of the great sacrifice,
 Who bequeathed us them both when he rose to the
 skies.

DESPONDENCY CORRECTED.

ONE adequate support
 For the calamities of mortal life
 Exists—one only—an assured belief,
 That the procession of our fate, howe'er
 Sad or disturb'd, is order'd by a Being
 Of infinite benevolence and power,
 Whose everlasting purposes embrace
 All accidents, converting them to good.

The darts of anguish fix not where the seat
 Of suffering hath been thoroughly fortified
 By acquiescence in the Will Supreme
 For time and for eternity :—by faith,
 Faith absolute in God, including hope,
 And the defence that is in boundless love
 Of his perfections : with habitual dread
 Of aught unworthily conceived, endured
 Impatiently, ill done, or left undone,
 To the dishonor of his holy name.
 Soul of our souls, and safeguard of the world,
 Sustain—thou only canst—the sick of heart,
 Restore their languid spirits, and recall
 Their lost affections unto thee and thine !

AN EVENING SERVICE.

THE cold wind strips the yellow leaf,
 The stars are twinkling faintly o'er us ;
 All nature wears her garb of grief,
 While day's fair book is closed before us.

The songs have ceased, and busy men
 Are to their beds of silence creeping ;
 The pale, cold moon looks out again
 On the tired world so softly sleeping.

O ! in an hour so still as this,
 From care, and toil, and tumult stealing,
 I'll consecrate an hour to bliss—
 To meek devotion's holy feeling,

And rise to Thee—to thee, whose hand
 Unrolled the golden lamp of heaven ;
 Mantled with beauty all the land ;
 Gave light to morn, and shade to even.

Being, whose all-pervading might
 The laws of countless worlds disposes ;
 Yet gives the sparkling dew's their light,
 Their beauty to the blushing roses :

Thou, ruler of our destiny !
 With million gifts hast thou supplied us,
 Hidden from our view futurity,
 Unveiling all the past to guide us.

Though dark may be earth's vale, and damp,
 A thousand stars shine sweetly o'er us,
 And immortality's pure lamp
 Gladdens and gilds our path before us.

And in the silence of the scene
 Sweet tones from heaven are softly speaking,
 Celestial music breathes between,
 The slumbering soul of bliss awaking.

Short is the darkest night, whose shade
 Wraps nature's breast in clouds of sadness;
 And joy's sweet flowers, that seem to fade,
 Shall bloom anew in kindling gladness.

Death's darkness is more bright to him
 Who looks beyond in visions holy,
 Than passion's fires, or splendor's dream,
 Or all the glare of sin and folly.

The silent tear, the deep-fetch'd sigh,
 Which virtue heaves in hours of quiet,
 Are dearer than pomp's revelry,
 Or the mad laugh of frenzied riot;

Smiles from a conscience purified,
 Far lovelier than the fleeting glory
 Conferr'd in all a monarch's pride,
 Embalm'd in all the light of story.

This joy be ours—our weeks shall roll—
 And let them roll—our bark is driven
 Safe to its harbor—and our soul
 Awaking, shall awake in heaven.

THE FOLLY OF ATHEISM.

DULL Atheist ! could a giddy dance
Of atoms lawless hurl'd,
Construct so wonderful, so wise,
So harmonized a world ?

Why do not Arabe's driving sands,
The sport of every storm,
Fair freighted fleets, the child of chance;
Or gorgeous temples form ?

Presumptuous wretch, thyself survey,
That lesser fabric scan ;
Tell me from whence the immortal dust,
The god, the reptile man ?

Where wast thou when this populous earth
From chaos burst its way,
When stars exulting sang the morn,
And hail'd the new-born day ?

What, when the embryo speck of life,
The miniature of man,
Nursed in the womb, its slender form
To stretch and swell began ?

Say, didst thou warp the fibre woof,
Or mould the sentient brain ?
Thy fingers stretch the living nerve,
Or fill the purple vein ?

Didst thou then bid the bounding heart
 Its endless toil begin ?
 Or clothe in flesh the hardening bone,
 Or weave the silken skin ?

Who bids the babe, to catch the breeze,
 Expand its panting breast ;
 And with impatient hands, untaught,
 The milky rill arrest ?

Or who, with unextinguish'd love,
 The mother's bosom warms,
 Along the rugged paths of life
 To bear it in her arms ?

A God ! a God ! the wide earth shouts !
 A God ! the heavens reply ;
 He moulded in his palm the world,
 And hung it in the sky.

“ Let us make man ! ”—With beauty clad,
 And health in every vein,
 And reason throned upon his brow,
 Stepp'd forth majestic man.

Around he turns his wandering eyes,
 All Nature's works surveys !
 Admires the earth, the skies, himself !
 And tries his tongue in praise.

Ye hills and vales, ye meads and woods,
 Bright sun, and glittering star,
 Fair creatures, tell me, if you can,
 From whence and what ye are.

What parent power, all great and good,
Do these around me own ?
Tell me, creation, tell me how
To adore the vast Unknown !

SABBATH HYMN.

SLEEP, sleep to-day, tormenting cares,
Of earth and folly born !
Ye shall not dim the light that streams
From this celestial morn.

To-morrow will be time enough
To feel your harsh control ;
Ye shall not violate this day,
The Sabbath of my soul.

Sleep, sleep for ever, guilty thoughts !
Let fires of vengeance die ;
And, purged from sin, may I behold
A God of purity !

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

PRAISE waits in Zion, Lord, for thee ;
 Thy saints adore thy holy name ;
 Thy creatures bend the obedient knee,
 And humbly thy protection claim.

Thy hand has raised us from the dust ;
 The breath of life thy Spirit gave ;
 Where, but in thee, can mortals trust ?
 Who, but our God, has power to save ?

Eternal Source of truth and light !
 To thee we look, on thee we call :
 Lord, we are nothing in thy sight ;
 But thou to us art all in all.

Still may thy children, in thy word,
 Their common trust and refuge see :
 O bind us to each other, Lord,
 By one great tie—the love of thee !

Here, at the portal of thy house,
 We leave our mortal hopes and fears :
 Accept our prayers, and bless our vows,
 And dry our penitential tears.

So shall our suns of hope arise
 With brighter still and brighter ray ;
 Till thou shalt bless our longing eyes
 With beams of everlasting day.

LIGHT FROM RELIGION.

If all our hopes and all our fears
 Were prison'd in life's little bound ;
 If, travellers through this vale of tears,
 We saw no better world beyond ;—
 O what should check the rising sigh ?
 What earthly thing could pleasure give ?
 Who then in peace could ever die ?
 Or who would breathe a wish to live ?

Were life a dark and desert moor,
 Where clouds and mists eternal spread
 Their gloomy veil behind, before,
 And tempests thunder overhead ;
 Where not a sunbeam breaks the gloom,
 And not a flow'ret smiles beneath ;—
 Who could exist in such a tomb ?
 Who dwell in darkness and in death ?

Yet such were life without the ray
 From our divine religion given :
 'Tis this that makes our darkness day ;
 'Tis this that makes our earth a heaven.
 Bright is the golden sun above,
 And beautiful the flowers that bloom ;
 And all is joy, and all is love,
 Reflected from a world to come.

LOVE TO GOD.

"THUS shalt thou love the Almighty Lord—
With all thy heart and soul and mind."—
So speaks to man that sacred Word
For counsel and reproof design'd.

"With all thy HEART"—no idol thing,
Though close around the heart it twine,
Its interposing shade must fling,
To darken that pure love of thine.

"With all thy MIND"—each varied power,
Creative fancy, musings high,
And thoughts that glance behind, before,
These must religion sanctify.

"With SOUL and STRENGTH"—thy days of ease,
While vigor nerves each youthful limb,
And hope and joy, and health and peace,
All must be freely brought to Him.

Thou Power Supreme, in whom we move,
Vouchsafe thy servants, in their day,
The mind to adore, the heart to love,
And strength to serve thee, while they may.

SABBATH HYMN.

WHEN, as returns this solemn day,
 Man comes to meet his Maker, God,
 What rites, what honors shall he pay?
 How spread his Sovereign's praise abroad?

From marble domes and gilded spires
 Shall curling clouds of incense rise?
 And gems, and gold, and garlands deck
 The costly pomp of sacrifice?

Vain, sinful man!—Creation's Lord
 Thy golden offerings well may spare;
 But give thy heart, and thou shalt find
 Here dwells a God who heareth prayer.

SABBATH DAYS;

MODERNIZED FROM "SON-DAYES," IN VAUGHAN'S
 "SILEX SCINTILLANS."

TYPES of eternal rest—fair buds of bliss,
 In heavenly flowers unfolding week by week—
 The next world's gladness imaged forth in this—
 Days of whose worth the Christian's heart can speak!

Eternity in Time—the steps by which
 We climb to future ages—lamps that light
 Man through his darker days, and thought enrich,
 Yielding redemption for the week's dull flight.

Wakeners of prayer in man—his resting bowers
 As on he journeys in the narrow way,
 Where, Eden-like, Jehovah's walking hours
 Are waited for as in the cool of day.

Days fix'd by God for intercourse with dust,
 To raise our thoughts, and purify our powers—
 Periods appointed to renew our trust—
 A gleam of glory after six days' showers.

A milky-way mark'd out through skies else drear,
 By radiant suns that warm as well as shine—
 A clue, which he who follows knows no fear,
 Though briers and thorns around his pathway twine.

Foretastes of heaven on earth—pledges of joy
 Surpassing fancy's flight and fiction's story—
 The preludes of a feast that cannot cloy,
 And the bright out-courts of immortal glory!

THE SPIRITUAL LAW.

DEUT. xxx. 11—14.

SAY not the law divine
 Is hidden from thee, or afar removed ;
 That law within would shine,
 If there its glorious light were sought and loved.

Soar not on high,
 Nor ask who thence shall bring it down to earth ;
 That vaulted sky
 Hath no such star, didst thou but know its worth.

Nor launch thy bark
 In search thereof upon a shoreless sea
 Which has no ark,
 No dove to bring this olive-branch to thee.

Then do not roam
 In search of that which wandering cannot win;
 At home! at home!
 That word is placed, thy mouth, thy heart within.

O! seek it there,
 Turn to its teachings with devoted will;
 Watch unto prayer,
 And in the power of faith this law fulfil.

THE HAPPINESS OF THE GODLY.

BLESSED state! and happy he
 Who is like that planted tree;
 Living waters lave his root,
 Bends his bough with golden fruit.

Thine, O Lord! the power and praise
 Which a sight like this displays;
 Power of thine must plant it there,
 Praise of thee it should declare.

Thou must first prepare the ground,
 Sow the seed and fence it round;
 Streams that water, suns that shine,
 Each and all are ever thine.

When the seedling from its bed
First lifts up its timid head,
Ministry of thine must give
All on which its life can live.

Showers from thee must bid it thrive,
Breath of thine must oft revive ;
Light from thee its bloom supplies,—
Left by thee it fades and dies.

Whose, then, when a tree up-grown,
Should its fruit be, but thine own ?
And thy glorious heritage
Is its fadeless leaf in age.

MORNING HYMN.

THESE are thy glorious works, Parent of good,
Almighty ! thine this universal frame,
Thus wondrous fair ! Thyself how wondrous then !
Unspeakable ! who sittest above these heavens,
To us invisible, or dimly seen
In these thy lowest works : yet these declare
Thy goodness beyond thought, and power divine.
Speak ye, who best can tell, ye sons of light,
Angels ! for ye behold him, and with songs
And choral symphonies, day without night,
Circle his throne rejoicing. Ye in heaven !
On earth, join all ye creatures to extol
Him first, him last, him midst, and without end !
Fairest of stars, last in the train of night,
If better thou belong not to the dawn,

Sure pledge of day, that crown'st the smiling morn
 With thy bright circlet, praise him in thy sphere,
 While day arises, that sweet hour of prime.
 Thou Sun, of this great world both eye and soul,
 Acknowledge him thy greater ; sound his praise
 In thy eternal course, both when thou climb'st,
 And when high noon hast gain'd, and when thou fall'st.
 Moon, that now meet'st the orient sun, now fliest
 With the fix'd stars, fix'd in their orb, that flies ;
 And ye five other wandering fires, that move
 In mystic dance, not without song ; resound
 His praise, who out of darkness call'd up light.
 Air, and ye elements, the eldest birth
 Of nature's womb, that in quaternion run
 Perpetual circle, multiform, and mix,
 And nourish all things ; let your ceaseless change
 Vary to our great Maker still new praise.
 Ye mists and exhalations, that now rise
 From hill or steaming lake, dusky or gray,
 Till the sun paint your fleecy skirts with gold,
 In honor to the world's great Author rise,
 Whether to deck with clouds the uncolor'd sky,
 Or wet the thirsty earth with falling showers ;
 Rising or falling, still advance his praise.
 His praise, ye winds, that from four quarters blow,
 Breathe soft or loud ; and wave your tops, ye pines,
 With every plant, in sign of worship wave !
 Fountains, and ye that warble as ye flow,
 Melodious murmurs, warbling tune his praise.
 Join voices, all ye living souls ! ye birds
 That, singing, up to heaven's gate ascend,
 Bear on your wings and in your notes his praise.

Ye that in waters glide, and ye that walk
 The earth, and stately tread, or lowly creep,
 Witness if I be silent, morn or even,
 To hill or valley, fountain or fresh shade,
 Made vocal by my song, and taught his praise.
 Hail, universal Lord ! be bounteous still
 To give us only good : and if the night
 Have gather'd aught of evil, or conceal'd,
 Disperse it, as now light dispels the dark !

THE CROSS OF CHRIST.

In the Cross of Christ I glory !—
 Towering o'er the wrecks of time,
 All the light of sacred story
 Gathers round its head sublime.

When the woes of life o'ertake me,
 Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,
 Never shall the cross forsake me,
 Lo ! it glows with peace and joy !

When the sun of bliss is beaming
 Light and love upon my way,
 From the cross the radiance streaming
 Adds more lustre to the day.

Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
 By the cross are sanctified ;
 Peace is there that knows no measure,
 Joys that through all time abide.

In the Cross of Christ I glory !—
 Towering o'er the wrecks of time,
 All the light of sacred story
 Gathers round its head sublime.

“GOD IS LOVE.”

God is Love : his mercy brightens
 All the path in which we rove ;
 Bliss he wakes, and wo he lightens,—
 God is Wisdom, God is Love.

Chance and change are busy ever,
 Man decays, and ages move ;
 But his mercy waneth never,—
 God is Wisdom, God is Love.

Even the hour that darkest seemeth,
 Will his changeless goodness prove ;
 From the mist his brightness streameth,—
 God is Wisdom, God is Love.

He with earthly cares entwineth
 Hope and comfort from above ;
 Everywhere his glory shineth,—
 God is Wisdom, God is Love.

HYMN.

WHEN Power Divine, in mortal form,
Hush'd with a word the raging storm,
In soothing accents Jesus said,
"Lo, it is I!—be not afraid."

So, when in silence nature sleeps,
And his lone watch the mourner keeps,
One thought shall every pang remove—
Trust, feeble man, thy Maker's love.

Bless'd be the voice that breathes from heaven,
To every heart in sunder riven,
When love, and joy, and hope are fled,
"Lo, it is I!—be not afraid."

When men with fiendlike passions rage,
And foes yet fiercer foes engage,
Bless'd be the voice, though still and small,
That whispers, "God is over all."

God calms the tumult and the storm ;
He rules the seraph and the worm :
No creature is by Him forgot,
Of those who know or know him not.

And when the last dread hour shall come,
While shuddering nature waits her doom,
This voice shall call the pious dead—
"Lo, it is I!—be not afraid."

THE CREATOR'S WORKS.

THERE 's not a star whose twinkling light
 Illumes the distant earth,
 And cheers the solemn gloom of night,
 But mercy gave it birth.

There 's not a cloud whose dew's distil
 Upon the parching clod,
 And clothe with verdure vale and hill,
 That is not sent by God.

There 's not a place in earth's vast round,
 In ocean deep, or air,
 Where skill and wisdom are not found,
 For God is everywhere.

Around, beneath, below, above,
 Wherever space extends,
 There heaven displays its boundless love,
 And power with mercy blends.

HYMN.

THESE, as they change, Almighty Father, these
 Are but the varied God. The rolling year
 Is full of Thee. Forth in the pleasing Spring
 Thy beauty walks, thy tenderness and love.
 Wide flush the fields; the softening air is balm;
 Echo the mountains round; the forest smiles;

And every sense and every heart is joy.
 Then comes thy glory in the Summer months,
 With light and heat refulgent. Then thy sun
 Shoots full perfection through the swelling year :
 And oft thy voice in dreadful thunder speaks ;
 And oft at dawn, deep noon, or falling eve,
 By brooks and groves, in hollow-whispering gales.
 Thy bounty shines in Autumn unconfined,
 And spreads a common feast for all that lives.
 In Winter, awful thou ! with clouds and storms
 Around thee thrown, tempest o'er tempest roll'd,
 Majestic darkness ! on the whirlwind's wing,
 Riding sublime, thou bidd'st the world adore,
 And humblest Nature with thy northern blast.

Mysterious round ! what skill, what force divine,
 Deep-felt, in these appear ! a simple train,
 Yet so delightful mix'd, with such kind art,
 Such beauty and beneficence combined ;
 Shade, unperceived, so softening into shade ;
 And all so forming an harmonious whole ;
 That, as they still succeed, they ravish still.
 But wandering oft, with brute, unconscious gaze,
 Man marks not thee ; marks not the mighty hand
 That, ever busy, wheels the silent spheres ;
 Works in the secret deep ; shoots, steaming, thence
 The fair profusion that o'erspreads the Spring ;
 Flings from the Sun, direct, the flaming day ;
 Feeds every creature ; hurls the tempest forth ;
 And, as on earth this grateful change revolves,
 With transport touches all the springs of life.

Nature, attend ! join every living soul,
 Beneath the spacious temple of the sky,

In adoration join, and, ardent, raise
 One general song ! To him, ye vocal gales,
 Breathe soft, whose Spirit in your freshness breathes ;
 O, talk of him in solitary glooms,
 Where, o'er the rock, the scarcely-waving pine
 Fills the brown shade with a religious awe.
 And ye, whose bolder note is heard afar,
 Who shake the astonish'd world, lift high to heaven
 The impetuous song, and say from whom you rage.
 His praise, ye brooks, attune, ye trembling rills ;
 And let me catch it as I muse along.
 Ye headlong torrents, rapid, and profound ;
 Ye softer floods, that lead the humid maze
 Along the vale ; and thou, majestic main,
 A secret world of wonders in thyself,
 Sound his stupendous praise ; whose greater voice
 Or bids you roar, or bids your roarings fall.
 Soft roll your incense, herbs, and fruits, and flowers,
 In mingled clouds to him whose sun exalts,
 Whose breath perfumes you, and whose pencil paints.
 Ye forests, bend, ye harvests, wave to him ;
 Breathe your still song into the reaper's heart,
 As home he goes beneath the joyous moon.
 Ye that keep watch in heaven, as earth asleep
 Unconscious lies, effuse your mildest beams,
 Ye constellations, while your angels strike,
 Amid the spangled sky, the silver lyre.
 Great source of day ! best image here below
 Of thy Creator, ever pouring wide,
 From world to world, the vital ocean round,
 On Nature write with every beam his praise.
 The thunder rolls ! be hush'd the prostrate world !

While cloud to cloud returns the solemn hymn,
 Bleat out afresh, ye hills ; ye mossy rocks,
 Retain the sound ; the broad responsive low,
 Ye valleys, raise ; for the Great Shepherd reigns,
 And his unsuffering kingdom yet will come.
 Ye woodlands all, awake ; a boundless song
 Burst from the groves ! and when the restless day,
 Expiring, lays the warbling world asleep,
 Sweetest of birds ! sweet Philomela, charm
 The listening shades, and teach the night His praise.
 Ye, chief, for whom the whole creation smiles,
 At once the head, the heart, the tongue of all,
 Crown the great hymn ! In swarming cities vast,
 Assembled men to the deep organ join
 The long-resounding voice, oft breaking clear,
 At solemn pauses, through the swelling bass ;
 And, as each mingling flame increases each,
 In one united ardor rise to heaven.
 Or if you rather choose the rural shade,
 And find a fane in every sacred grove ;
 There let the shepherd's flute, the virgin's lay,
 The prompting seraph, and the poet's lyre,
 Still sing the God of Seasons, as they roll.
 For me, when I forget the darling theme,
 Whether the blossom blows, the Summer-ray
 Russets the plain, inspiring Autumn gleams,
 Or Winter rises in the blackening east ;
 Be my tongue mute, my fancy paint no more,
 And, dead to joy, forget my heart to beat !

Should fate command me to the farthest verge
 Of the green earth, to distant barbarous climes,
 Rivers unknown to song ; where first the sun

Gilds Indian mountains, or his setting beam
 Flames on the Atlantic isles ; 't is nought to me :
 Since God is ever present, ever felt,
 In the void waste as in the city full ;
 And where He vital breathes, there must be joy.
 When even at last the solemn hour shall come,
 And wing my mystic flight to future worlds,
 I cheerful will obey ; there with new powers
 Will rising wonders sing. I cannot go
 Where Universal Love smiles not around,
 Sustaining all yon orbs and all their suns ;
 From seeming evil still educing good,
 And better thence again, and better still,
 In infinite progression. But I lose
 Myself in Him, in Light ineffable !
 Come then, expressive Silence, muse His praise.

THE BIBLE.

THE Spirit breathes upon the Word,
 And brings the truth to sight ;
 Precepts and promises afford
 A sanctifying light.

A glory gilds the sacred page,
 Majestic like the sun ;
 It gives a light to every age,—
 It gives, but borrows none.

The hand that gave thee, still supplies
 The gracious light and heat ;

His truths upon the nations rise,—
They rise, but never set.

Let everlasting thanks be thine, /
For such a bright display,
As makes a world of darkness shine
With beams of heavenly day.

My soul rejoices to pursue
The steps of him I love,
Till glory breaks upon my view,
In brighter worlds above.

LOVE OF GOD.

O ! would you be assured you love your God,
Make him a God that must be loved of need,
A God you cannot otherwise than love.
Throw off that yoke of joyless servitude,
That niggard balancing of right and wrong,
Which fears to give too little or too much.
Doubt is not love—suspicion is not love !
Believe that He has known you, pitied you,
Taken you himself from prison and from death,
Sought and pursued you through a world of ill,
Restrain'd you, taught you, rear'd you for his own.
Believe that he forgives you every sin,
Pays every debt, and cancels every claim,
Watches beside your pillow while you sleep,
Supports you, leads you, guards you when you wake,
And bids his angels know no better task

Than to administer to you, his child ;
 And while, in heaven's high mansion, he prepares
 The seat of royalty he bids you claim,
 Arrays you in a vesture so divine—
 Of holiness and goodness like his own—
 That when the hour of just adjudgment comes,
 All may confess in you the heir of heaven.
 Believe the Lord your God is such a one,
 And you must love him, even to your soul.

TO A BUTTERFLY RESTING ON A SKULL.

CREATURE of air and light,
 Emblem of that which cannot die,
 Wilt thou not speed thy flight,
 To chase the south wind through the sunny sky ?
 What lures thee thus to stay
 With silence and decay,
 Fix'd on the wreck of dull mortality ?

The thoughts, once chamber'd there,
 Have gather'd up their treasures, and are gone :
 Will the dust tell us where
 They that have burst their prison-house are flown ?
 Rise, nursling of the day,
 If thou wouldst trace their way ;
 Earth has no voice to make the secret known.

Who seeks the vanish'd bird
 By the forsaken nest and broken shell ?
 Far hence he sings unheard,

Yet free and joyous, in the woods to dwell.
 There, of the sunshine born,
 Take the bright wings of morn ;
 Thy hope calls heavenward from yon ruin'd cell.

A THOUGHT ON DEATH.

WHEN life, as opening buds, is sweet,
 And golden hopes the spirit greet,
 And youth prepares his joys to meet,
 Alas ! how hard it is to die !

When scarce is seized some borrow'd prize,
 And duties press, and tender ties
 Forbid the soul from earth to rise,
 How awful then it is to die !

When one by one those ties are torn,
 And friend from friend is snatch'd forlorn,
 And man is left alone to mourn,
 Ah ! then how easy 't is to die !

When trembling limbs refuse their weight,
 And films, slow gathering, dim the sight,
 And clouds obscure the mental light,
 'T is nature's precious boon to die !

When faith is strong, and conscience clear,
 And words of peace the spirit cheer, .
 And vision'd glories half appear,
 'T is joy, 't is triumph then to die !

THE WIDOW OF NAIN.

O MINGLE with the widow's tears
 The drops for misery shed;
 She bends beneath the weight of years;
 Her earthly hope is fled.

Her son—her only son—is gone!
 Oh, who shall wipe that eye?
 For she must journey lonely on,
 And solitary die!

The pall upon his corse is spread,
 The bier they slowly raise;
 It cannot rouse the slumbering dead,
 —That widow'd mother's gaze.

She follows on, without a tear,
 Her dear, her darling child:
 But who is He that stops the bier,
 With look and accent mild?

The Savior is that pitying one;
 His glance her wo disarms—
 “Young man, arise!”—a *living* son
 Is in his mother's arms!

THE AUTUMN EVENING.

BEHOLD the western evening light !

It melts in deepening gloom :
So calmly Christians sink away,
Descending to the tomb.

The winds breathe low, the withering leaf
Scarce whispers from the tree :
So gently flows the parting breath,
When good men cease to be.

How beautiful on all the hills
The crimson light is shed !
'T is like the peace the Christian gives
To mourners round his bed.

How mildly on the wandering cloud
The sunset beam is cast !
'T is like the memory left behind
When loved ones breathe their last.

And now, above the dews of night,
The yellow star appears :
So *faith* springs in the hearts of those
Whose eyes are bathed in tears.

But soon the morning's happier light
Its glories shall restore ;
And eyelids that are seal'd in death
Shall ope, to close no more.

as
Hing

